

The Enterprise.

VOL. 1.

BADEN, SAN MATEO CO., CAL., SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1896.

NO. 9.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

NORTH.	
5:55 A. M. Daily.	
7:25 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
9:15 A. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
11:05 A. M. Daily.	
12:45 P. M. Daily.	
2:45 P. M. Daily.	
4:25 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Saturdays Only.	
SOUTH.	
7:20 A. M. Daily.	
9:45 A. M. Daily.	
11:15 A. M. Daily.	
12:55 P. M. Daily.	
2:55 P. M. Daily (except Sunday).	
4:55 P. M. Daily.	
7:10 P. M. Daily.	
12:15 A. M. (Sunday A. M., only).	

S. F. and S. M. Electric R. R. TIME TABLE.

Cars arrive and depart every twenty minutes during the day, from and to San Francisco.

STE. CAROLINE. CAPT. LEALE TIME CARD.

Steamer leaves Jackson St. Wharf, San Francisco, for wharf at Abasco, South San Francisco, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 6 P. M.

Returning Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, carrying freight and passengers both ways.

POST OFFICE.

Postoffice open from 7 a. m. to 7 p. m. Money order office open 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays, to 10 a. m.

MAILS ARRIVE.

	A. M.	P. M.
From the North.	9:00	3:00
South.	10:00	6:45

MAIL CLOSING.

No. 5, South.	8:30 a. m.
No. 14, North.	9:30 a. m.
No. 13, South.	2:30 p. m.
No. 6, North.	6:00 p. m.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

CHURCH NOTICES.

Episcopal services will be held by the Rev. Geo. Wallace every Sunday at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Pioneer Hall.

Sunday school at 3:30 p. m.

MEETINGS.

Hose Company No. 1 will meet every Friday at 7:30 p. m. at the Court room.

DIRECTORY OF COUNTY OFFICERS.

JUDGE SUPERIOR COURT	
Hon. G. H. Buck.	Redwood City
TREASURER	
P. P. Chamberlain.	Redwood City
TAX COLLECTOR	
F. M. Granger.	Redwood City
DISTRICT ATTORNEY	
H. W. Walker.	Redwood City
ASSESSOR	
C. D. Hayward.	Redwood City
SHERIFF	
J. F. Johnston.	Redwood City
AUDITOR	
Geo. Barker.	Redwood City
SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS	
Miss Etta M. Tilton.	Redwood City
CORONER AND PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR	
Jas. Crowe.	Redwood City
SURVEYOR	
W. B. Gilbert.	Redwood City

EPITOME OF RECORDS.

Deeds and Mortgages Filed in the Recorder's Office the Past Week.

Israel Cohen and Hannah Cohen to Wm. Pilger, lots 51 and 52, Castle Tract.	\$10
Henry C. Campbell to Southern Pacific Railroad Company, one acre of salt marsh and tide lands.	500
W. P. McEvoy, commissioner, to James L. Gibson, certificate of sale on foreclosure.	12,070
Henry C. Campbell and Thaddeus B. Kent, trustees, to Manuel Silveria Nunez, deed of reconveyance.	10
Ellen M. Greichen to Eugene O'Neil, one-half acre of Los Pulgas Rancho.	10
F. E. Luty and wife to John L. Trout, lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 and 8, Abby Homestead.	10
Kate J. O'Neil to Ellen M. Greichen, one-half acre Los Pulgas Rancho, deed of gift.	10
Alford T. Elford and Henrietta Elford to Alford B. Elford, part of lot 83, Bk 9, Garden Valley Land, deed of gift.	5
Wm. H. Howard to Rev. Wm. Ford Nichols, 3 1/2 of an acre.	150
Perry Morrison to John Rojsz one acre.	10
John H. Grady and wife to Abby Land and Improvement Co., lots 1 to 8, blk 97, Abby Homestead Ass'n.	10
Jason Wight and wife to Abby Land and Improvement Co., lots 1 to 6, block 99, Abby Homestead.	10
Jacob Heyman and wife to Lynden Beckless, lots 35 and 36, block 58, Abby Homestead.	10
MORTGAGES AND DEEDS OF TRUST.	
John Downing et ux to Antonio N. Fontes, 875 acres Rancho de San Gregorio.	700
W. C. Parsons and wife to San Mateo Co. B & L Ass'n, lots 2, 3 and 4, blk 14, Western Addition to San Mateo.	400
M. C. Hassett to Chas. Kavanagh, about 450 acres.	1500
J. J. Bostwick and wife to the United Trust, limited, 737 acres, Rancho de las Pulgas.	16,500
Manuela de Miramontes and Antonio Miramontes to George H. Rice, part of the Rancho Cayenda de Raymundo.	1500

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining unclaimed at Postoffice, Baden, San Mateo county, Cal., January 1, 1896:

H. Brady, James Carney, L. Cohn, Daniel Dorsey, Mrs. Fuchen, Mrs. Fransten, Carl E. Theodor Funke Judson & Co. Alexander P. Rogers, W. H. F. Schmidt, Frank Theodoro, Daniel Thornton.

Foreign—James Govednik.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, P. M.

An Actress to Build a Hospital.

Los Angeles, Dec. 30.—Miss Lillian Lewis has announced her intention to build a sanitarium near Lancaster, in the Antelope valley, where unfortunate members of the theatrical profession who are suffering with pulmonary troubles and with depleted pocket-books may be treated and nursed free of charge. The sanitarium is to be built and supported from her own income, and Miss Lewis announces that the erection of the hospital will begin as soon as her present engagement is ended, some time during next May.

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Slope Photographed For Ready Reference.

A FEW INTERESTING PARAGRAPHS

News Both by Mail and by Wire—Brief Items From Slope States and Territories.

The Parliament of British Columbia meets on January 23.

Oranges have been shipped from Riverside every month this year.

The Shasta Lumber Company has shut down its mill for the winter.

Spokane's poultry show will be held from January 31st to February 5th.

The Sheriff of Orange county is training a pair of Cuban bloodhounds.

The Sacramento Record Union has increased its size from six to eight pages.

There is said to be an extensive deposit of natural cement rock near South Riverside.

Choteau, Mont., county's indebtedness has been increased nearly \$21,000 during the past year.

There are now 30,000 head of cattle fattening on the alfalfa fields of the Salt River valley, A. T.

Spanish mackerel are running in great numbers in San Diego bay, and large quantities are being caught.

A San Diego manufacturer is shipping in broomcorn by the carload from Kansas to be used in making brooms.

San Bernardino has under consideration the establishing of a city light plant as a solution of the present light trouble.

The telephone lines of Portland are to be laid underground. The work of preparing the conduits is progressing rapidly.

Idaho Falls will vote on the proposition to issue bonds for \$30,000 for the erection of a water works and electric light system.

The promoters of the Poultry Show to be held at Seattle January 23d to 28th, expect that over 1000 birds will be exhibited.

Great Falls, Mont., is making a strong effort to secure free mail delivery. Six carriers would be sufficient to cover the city.

M. J. Clump, ex-Treasurer of Clallam county, Wash., was taken to the Walla Walla Penitentiary to serve six years for embezzlement.

The Governor of Idaho has appointed Caleb P. Jones of Malad City a regent of the State University at Moscow, vice W. E. Borah, resigned.

A memorial for the opening of the Yakima Indian reservation has been forwarded to Congress by the Commercial Club of North Yakima.

The census just taken gives Clackamas county, Or., a population of 21,252, as compared with 10,035 in 1890, an increase of over 100 per cent.

Tacoma claims that the output of its lumber mills will be 115,000,000 feet this year, or more than that of any other point on the Pacific Coast.

A call has been issued for a miners' convention to be held at Grant's Pass, Or., for the purpose of organizing a miners' association for Southern Oregon.

The hydrographic branch of the United States Geological Survey last week commenced a survey of the Florence Butte reservoir in Pinal county, A. T.

The Seattle Chamber of Commerce has memorialized Congress on the subject of coast defenses. Particular attention is called to the needs of Puget Sound.

The South Yuba Company has promised, if granted a franchise, to bring power into Sacramento, to construct conduits and lay their wires under ground.

A personal note for \$10 recently came to light in Arizona on which the interest was \$340. The rate was \$1.25 a week. Fortunately the note was outlawed.

Eskiminzin, an Apache chief, noted for his Satanic proclivities, died at San Carlos, A. T., a few days ago. He, like most reservation murderers, died of old age.

The Finance Committee of the City Council of Tacoma, Wash., has recommended a reduction from \$250 to \$50 for the license of theaters in which liquor is not sold.

A Colorado company has taken a bond on the Atlantic and Deep Down mines at Pinos Altos, N. M., and started a force of men to work developing the properties.

Reports from the sheep district confirm those received some time ago to the effect that scab has become generally prevalent among the sheep, says the East Oregonian.

Numerous cases of diphtheria are reported at Belt, Mont., and the public schools have been ordered closed.

rigid quarantine being enforced to prevent it from becoming epidemic.

Portland's police force, on Christmas, presented Chief Minto with an elegant seven-pointed gold star, resting upon a wreath of oak leaves, the center bearing a handsome diamond.

The Los Angeles Consolidated Railway Company has received thirty new cars which will be put on the Seventh-street line as soon as the machinery for operating that branch with electricity has been set up.

The Tacoma Ledger says there is a strong probability that the Tacoma, Lake Park and Columbia River Railway will soon be extended toward the Cowlitz pass. The Tilton river coal fields are an objective point.

This season's salt crop of La Punta Salt Works in San Diego county has now been gathered in. It amounted to only 450 tons, about half the usual yield. These works have been in operation over fifteen years.

The receipts of the Nevada State Land Office for eleven months of 1895, ending December 1st, were \$400,915.11, which is in excess of any year since 1887, and equaled only in the years 1873, 1885 and 1887 since 1865.

Los Angeles laid 5580 feet of sewer pipe during 1895 at a cost of \$8674.88. On November 30th there were 137.56 miles of graded and graveled streets and 11.81 miles of paved streets. This year 16.32 miles of sidewalk were laid.

The Kedlands Young Men's Christian Association will endeavor to get out of debt by soliciting subscriptions of boxes of oranges from the growers. It is a unique idea and will doubtless be more successful than an appeal for cash.

Joseph Gaston has sold forty acres of the lake near Gaston, Or., to two Portland men, who will try its adaptability for growing onions and sugar beets. The lake is drained by a big ditch to the Tualatin river and overflows in high water.

I. W. Mason has begun a suit contesting the right of J. C. Cross to the office of City Attorney of Aberdeen, on the ground that Mr. Cross' petition of nomination did not contain 300 signatures, as it is claimed it should under the new law.

The City Council of Bozeman, Mont., has passed an ordinance prohibiting gambling in that city. The vote was 5 to 3 and the measure takes effect February 1. A curfew ordinance has also been passed, compelling children to be at home by 9 p. m.

A San Diego man has the jaws of a man-eating shark, which, when open, are four feet in circumference, and are provided with fifty rows of teeth, seven in a row. The shark from which the jaws were taken was over twenty feet long, and weighed nearly two tons.

John Brockman of Silver City, N. M., has purchased the famous Pearce mine in Arizona for the sum of \$275,000, of which \$15,000 was paid in cash and the balance to be paid in seven months from January 1st. Mr. Brockman has put forty men at work, and will personally superintend operations.

Between 600 and 800 cars have been built at the South Tacoma shops since they were opened four years ago. Those in charge are figuring the cost of construction, so as to see if cars can be built there as cheap or cheaper than the company can buy them of the great car-building concerns in the East.

The rumors that the Mormons intended to depart from Mesa City, A. T., have at last been set at rest by preparations now being made for the erection in that town of a \$30,000 tabernacle for the use of communicants of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints. Work is soon to begin on the structure.

The Cambria mines, near Newcastle, Wyo., are now shipping a trainload of coal and coke a day, most of the product being taken by the Homestead Mining Company. It is believed that the fifty additional coke ovens recently completed will not be able to supply the demand for Cambria coke, and that fifty more ovens will have to be built.

The new rotary snow plow recently taken to Sacramento makes the fifth rotary which the company has purchased. Three of them, including the new one, will be kept in the Sierra Nevada mountains. One is in service on the Shasta division, and the other is on the border line between Nevada and Utah.

The Phoenix Herald says: Arizona differs in its methods somewhat from Kansas. In Kansas when a carload of beer is discovered it is put in the lockup; in Arizona they put the beer in the man and put the man in the lockup. The Arizona process seems to be much more satisfactory to the average man.

The Bennett National Bank of New Whatcom has opened again for business, with nearly 70 per cent of the liabilities to depositors on hand in cash and exchange. Nelson Bennett paid to the bank about \$10,000 for loans which had been made with his recommendation, but for which he was only morally responsible, though he had voluntarily secured them.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Condensed Telegraphic Reports of Late Events.

BRIEF SPARKS FROM THE WIRES.

Budget of News for Easy Digestion—All Parts of the Country Represented—Interesting Items.

The Western railroads have agreed to exempt Sundays and holidays from the storage charges on baggage left with them over twenty-four hours.

The American Memorial Monument Association has put in shape for public presentation the movement for a national monument to Dr. S. F. Smith, the author of "America."

All the furnaces of Newcastle, Pa., are closing down as the result of demands on the part of the employees to pay for time and a half on Sunday and a corresponding increase on holidays.

Senor Edmunds J. Plaza, who has been secretary of the Mexican Legation in Washington for some time, will leave in a few days for Yokohama to fill a similar office in the Mexican Legation in Japan.

The windstorm in Denver the other day was one of the worst ever experienced. For some time it blew at the rate of a mile a minute. All the mountain lines of the Colorado Telephone Company are down.

General Dumont has issued a call for the annual meeting of the supervising inspectors of steam vessels to convene in Washington January 11, 1896. The meeting will continue for two weeks or more.

The Rome correspondent of the London Times hears that a Franco-Russian project to send 40,000 Berdan rifles and 2,000,000 cartridges to Abyssinia has been discovered in Russia.

The biggest deal in the history of zinc mining in Missouri was closed January 1st. It unites all the zinc smelters of the country except four under one management, and the result will be, the promoters claim, better prices for zinc in all branches and a general revival of the industry.

The London Chronicle says: Lord Dunraven's failure to incriminate the defender's owners or crew is complete. He may now in cold blood reflect that he has done more to breed bad blood between the two nations than President Cleveland and Secretary Olney combined.

A letter just received from ex-Consul Waller, dated at his prison in France states that his health has improved recently. He also states that there has been an improvement in his treatment. He expresses gratitude to those who have befriended him and his family in this country.

The New York Herald's Caracas cable says: Great excitement has been caused here by the report that the Spanish Minister has been escorted out of Bogota, the capital of Colombia. According to this report, which is devoid of details, this extraordinary act was due to the Ministers' denunciation of the treatment which the British Minister to the same republic is alleged to have suffered. The diplomatic representative of Great Britain, it is said, was summarily expelled, for what reason is not known.

Deputy Commissioner of Immigration McSweeney estimates that about 62,000 more immigrants arrived at Ellis Island the past year than in 1894. The total for 1895 is 229,607 and the increase over last year 61,944. For 1894 the arrivals at the immigrant station were 167,663 and for 1893 152,944. Deputy Commissioner McSweeney says the character of the immigrants is much better than in previous years. This improvement is due to the rigid enforcement of the immigration laws, he says. The immigrants of last year brought \$4,000,000 with them. The immigrants of this year have brought a much larger sum.

The loggers of Western Washington have combined for the purpose of putting an end to excessive competition and to secure an advance in prices by amicable agreement with mill owner when the market warrants it. It is said the general sentiment of the loggers is to bring about the establishment of uniform prices and to secure from the lumber combine an advance in the present scale from \$2.50 to about \$5 a thousand feet.

Under the law of the State of Washington, if no agreement is made between the logger and the Government scaler as to the price to be charged for scaling logs, the latter can charge 5 cents per 1000 up to 300,000 feet, and for all above that number 3 1/2 cents per 1000. Of the fee thus paid one-half of 1 per cent goes to the general school fund of the county.

Approval of a Treaty.
Lima, Peru, Dec. 30.—It is said that the Chile Senate last night approved the Chile-Bolivia treaty.

M. F. HEALEY,

Hay, Grain and Feed,

WOOD AND COAL.

LINDEN AVE., BET. ARMOUR & JUNIPER AVES.

Leave orders at Postoffice.

SAN BRUNO

Meat .. Market

F. SANCHEZ, Proprietor.

WAGON WILL CALL AT YOUR DOOR with the best and choicest of all kinds of Fresh and Smoked Meats. Chickens on Saturdays.

SHOP—MILLER AVENUE, NEAR GYPPRESS,

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.



Detroit Livery Stable

EXPRESS AND TEAMING

OF ALL KINDS.

WOOD, HAY AND GRAIN.

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Choice Canned Goods. Smoked Meats.

FAMILY WINES AND LIQUORS.

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My Order Agent and Delivery Wagons visit all parts of South San Francisco and the country adjacent daily. All orders promptly filled.

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GROCERIES, HARDWARE, BOOTS & SHOES CROCKERY, MEN'S CLOTHING ETC., ETC., ETC.

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Our wagons will deliver goods to the surrounding country free of charge. We are prepared to fill the largest orders.

Drugs and Medicines. Prescriptions Carefully Prepared.

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Corner Grand and San Bruno Aves.

THE ENTERPRISE.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,
Editor and Proprietor.

PLAN WORTH TRYING

THE TORRENS LAND TITLE SYSTEM
ADOPTED IN CHICAGO.

A Scheme by Which Government Guarantees as Well as Registers Titles to Real Estate—Will Make Land a Much More Desirable Investment.

A question of some moment to the welfare of Chicago was answered in the affirmative on election day by the voters of that city. The question was whether the Torrens land title system should be adopted, and the proposal was accepted by the handsome majority of 77,000. Many of our states have borrowed their ballot systems from Australia, but the city and county of Chicago is the first American community to recognize how powerful a stimulus to rapid and extensive development would be given by the application of another Australian invention—namely, the Torrens scheme for the guaranteeing as well as registering of the titles to real estate.

What is the land title scheme, which, from the name of its deviser, has become known all over the English speaking world as the Torrens system?

The fundamental motive of the plan is based on the conviction that it is the interest of a decentralized, self governing, truly democratic state to promote the multiplication of homes owned by their occupiers, or, in other words, to give the largest possible number of citizens a stake in the country. To that end an obvious means would be the removal of the causes which in English speaking communities have rendered real estate a much less desirable investment than personal property for the savings of poor men or men of modest incomes, owing partly to the heavy incidental expenses connected with all dealings in the former species of property, and partly to the vastly greater ease and rapidity with which the latter species could be sold or used as security for a loan.

All the causes which tend to hold back the mass of a people from placing their surplus in real estate were swept away at a stroke by the so-called Torrens land act, which first became a law in South Australia, but which, as its benefits became incontestable, was rapidly adopted by other Australian colonies. Under this legislation the state, through officers designated for the purpose, undertakes an exhaustive and careful registration of the titles to all lands within its boundaries. The registration completed, a short, concise certificate is issued to every landowner, and to him, his heirs and assigns the validity of the title certified is guaranteed by the state against impeachment.

Furnished with this certificate, a landowner who wishes to sell or mortgage his property goes to the nearest registration office—there is one for every small fraction of the population—and here the registrar inscribes in the proper book and on the back of the certificate the name of the grantee, if a sale is intended, or in case of a mortgage the name of the mortgagee and the amount of money loaned. The transferring or incurring of title is effected in a few minutes, about as long as it would take to procure the discounting of a note at a bank.

Now for the fee. This was intended not only to reimburse the state proportionately for the original cost of searching and for the current expense of maintaining a corps of registrars, but also to provide an insurance fund against the results of the discovery of flaws in the titles guaranteed. From the outset the belief was entertained and acted on that a fee of a shilling or two for each transaction would be ample for all purposes. But it turned out in every colony where the Torrens system was adopted that the losses threatened to the state through defects in the titles guaranteed had been much overrated, while the revenue flowing from the registration offices, owing to the terrific multiplication of transactions, had been as signally underestimated. The result has been that the fee for the transferring or incurring of titles has been everywhere cut down from shillings to pence. As things now are an Australian can convey or mortgage a piece of land worth millions of dollars in the space of five minutes and for the price of a cigar.

Such is the method of dealing with land titles which has been adopted by the city and county of Chicago. The results will probably be admired of all Americans by the opening of the twentieth century. No doubt Chicago is wide awake to its interests, while some of its rivals seem asleep.—New York Sun.

Agriculture in Great Britain.

The fact that agriculture is in process of gradual abandonment in Great Britain may account in part for the increase in immigration from that country, the number of arrivals since August aggregating 238,000. It evidently does not pay the British farmer to raise wheat on high priced British land. The next problem is to make this land profitable in some other way. The decline in wheat acreage this year is 26 per cent less than 1894. This indicates that upward of 200,000 acres of land have failed of cultivation because agriculture no longer pays.—Philadelphia Times.

Make-Up of the British Army.

The British regular army consists of two regiments of life guards, one of horse guards, seven of dragoon guards and sixteen of light dragoons, as cavalry. The infantry is three regiments of footguards, ninety-nine of the line and a rifle brigade, besides the staff and colonial corps, which are considered to form part and parcel of the English army.



She put her little hand in mine
Some might have thought her bold—
And yet there was no romance, for
She's hardly two years old.
—Louisville Journal.

Hoax—"Does your dentist take pains with his work?" Joax—"No; he gives them."—Philadelphia Record.

Alice (the friend)—"I don't see how anyone can help loving Blanche." Gertrude (the rival)—"She can't help it herself."—Life.

Pudy—"There goes Grabwell. He's what I call a self-made man." Duddy—"Yes; people who know him intimately say he is all self."—Boston Transcript.

He—"What leads you to call Mrs. Smilax eccentric?" She—"She was telling a story the other night and began it: 'When I was a girl.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Attorney for the defense—"Now, what time was it when you were held up?" Complainant—"I don't know; ask your client—he took my watch."—Chicago Tribune.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?" To my Christmas shopping, pa," she said.

Pa drew a check and wiped his eye. And thought of the coming buy and buy. —New York Herald.

The heiress—"I'm afraid papa will never consent." The impecunious—"Is your father down on me?" The heiress—"No; he says he's up to you."—Boston Courier.

"Her father won over \$2,000 from the baron last month at cards." "And then the baron asked him for her hand?" "Yes. He wanted to get his money back."—Life.

She—"She's just about your age, isn't she?" He—"No, I'm much the older." She—"What makes you think so?" He—"We were born in the same month of the same year."—Chicago Record.

Weary Watkins—"My folks always told me I was out for a gentleman." Hungry Higgins—"Mebbe you was, pardner, but of you was you sure being in the misfit department."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. Snaggs—I was out after tips this afternoon. Mr. Snaggs (who has had expensive experiences with tips)—Not tips on stocks, surely? Mrs. Snaggs—No; ostrich tips.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

As truly would, I ween, a dozen such; But just to make the sentiment complete, A rose by any other name would cost as much.

"You walk as if your shoes were too tight, old man." "Oh, no. They're very large." "Oh, that may be." "Well, then, what—" "I wasn't referring to their size. I merely said they were tight."—Chicago Post.

Mr. Dunn—I called to see about a little bill I left here about a month ago. Mr. Short—Oh, it's all right; you needn't be alarmed. I've laid it away where it won't be disturbed. No need for you to call again.—Boston Transcript.

"I believe," said the young man, "in giving the devil his due." "Um—yes," replied his father, who was looking over the stubs of his check-book. "Still, I don't quite see the propriety of your paying him at my expense."—Washington Star.

Jinks—I am always embarrassed when I want to say the word v-a-s-e. I don't know whether to say vase, vace, valz, or vawse. Blinks—You might take a hint from our hired girl. She simply speaks of all ornaments as "them there."—Truth.

Wayworn Watson—W'y, w'at you runnin' fer? Did she set the dog on ye? Perry Patetic—Naw. But she set me out a whole half chicken, bread, butter'n jelly an' a pack o' cigarettes. I bet she wants to marry me!—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Cripple—Please help a poor man, sir; I lost my leg on the field. Wigwag—Why, you're too young to have been in the war. Cripple (indignantly)—Who's talking about war? I wish you to understand, sir, that I am an ex-foot-ball player.—Philadelphia Record.

"Come, sirrah," said the Sultan; "make New promises for me, And plainly mark them 'fragile,' And ship them C. O. D."—Washington Star.

A little Boston girl who had recently learned to repeat the Lord's prayer was asked by her mother if she knew the meaning of "Forgive us our trespasses." "Why, yes," she replied; "it means excuse us for going on the grass."—Boston Gazette.

At a kindergarten in Mount Vernon during the Thanksgiving exercises, the question was asked: "What was the name of the vessel which brought the Pilgrims to this country?" One little boy, 4 years old, promptly raised his hand and replied: "I know! It was the Defender!"—New York Tribune.

"Bliggins is a fine fellow," remarked the promiscuous eulogizer. "I believe he would share his last dollar with a friend." "Well," replied the chronic debtor, "maybe he would. I guess I have never been so fortunate as to run across him when he was down to his last dollar."—Washington Star.

KEPT ALIVE BY OXYGEN.

Millionaire Reichling Paid \$2,100 for His Last Week on Earth.

Three hundred dollars a day for breath was what Francis Reichling, the millionaire mine owner, paid for the last seven days he lived.

It was by the administration of oxygen gas that Mr. Reichling was given a brief lease of life, and while this treatment is not absolutely new in theory, no effort to test it in practice to such an extent has heretofore been made.

Through the grounds of Mr. Reichling's beautiful home at Piedmont runs a little mountain stream. While at work in its vicinity the millionaire contracted malaria. Congestion of the brain and pneumonia followed, and in their wake came valvular disease of the heart. Half of the sick man's lungs became closed, and it was apparent that death must soon follow from the lack of breath.

The dying man begged his physician to at least keep him alive until his son, traveling in Mexico, could reach him. There was but one hope—that of giving the patient a supply of artificial air by means of oxygen. This plan was at once adopted. The doctor procured a tank containing 100 gallons of oxygen. Attached to this was a rubber tube with a mouthpiece. There were two stopcocks—one at the mouth of the tube, the other at the point where the tube joined the tank.

Whenever it became evident that Mr. Reichling was suffering from a want of breath he was required to inhale gas from the tank. The oxygen produced the same effect upon the blood and body as that resulting from ordinary breathing, and immediate relief followed the inhalation. The entire contents of the tank was consumed by the patient the first night—Saturday. On Sunday he absorbed 500 gallons, and the effect was visible on Monday in the manifest improvement of his condition. On that day the patient inhaled 800 gallons of oxygen.

It was evident that the treatment was greatly reducing the pneumonia and relieving the heart trouble. On Tuesday the amount of oxygen absorbed was reduced to 600 gallons. On Wednesday 400 gallons were inhaled, and on Thursday only 300 gallons were administered. The following day the allowance was 200 gallons. On Friday night, however, there came a great change for the worse. Paralysis, followed by apoplexy, was added to the other ills from which the patient suffered. Three hundred gallons of oxygen was inhaled on Saturday, but proved of no avail. The pneumonia and valvular heart trouble had been conquered by the administration of the oxygen, but Mr. Reichling's enfeebled system was unable to withstand the complications, and death brought freedom from pain on Saturday night.

The wish of the patient's heart had been gratified, however, as the son for whose presence he longed arrived the Tuesday before his death. Mr. Reichling was conscious and recognized the young man, although unable to speak to him.

While tank oxygen is frequently used to restore vitality, medical records show that it is expensive to keep death at a distance by a fee of \$300 a day.—San Francisco Examiner.

DUNRAVEN'S CHARGE.

Nothing so serious as foul play was suggested over here. His complaint came simply as the casual crankiness of a bad tempered and exasperated man. As we all know, we raced with Lord Dunraven and he returned home, and since his insolence has reached the point to which it has developed in England, we leave it to The Pall Mall Gazette and all self respecting Englishmen to see that he is properly horsewhipped over there, as he ought to be. They owe it to us.—New York Sun.

Dunraven's charge is a charge of raciality against the gentlemen of the Defender syndicate and against the New York Yacht club. The charge that Mr. Vanderbilt, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Iselin, the syndicate, would stoop to such action is as insulting as absurd. They and the gentlemen composing the New York Yacht club are safe from injury by allegations of unsportsmanlike action. Dunraven seems determined to compel Americans who sympathize with him in defeat to substitute contempt for sympathy.—Utica Herald.

If he believed that a club of which he was a member had been guilty of robbery and conspiracy, he ought to have promptly uttered his belief and given his substantiating facts without waiting until he had reached the other side of the Atlantic. According to his own statement, Dunraven is a coward. Any further racing with Dunraven is out of the question, for he has barred himself from the society of gentlemen. But the New York Yacht club ought to demand that its "honorary" member, Lord Dunraven, substantiate or withdraw his charges of cheating.—Binghamton Republican.

An Engineer's Big Fee.

Professor Fuentes of the College of Civil Engineering of Cornell university is reported to have received the largest fee perhaps ever paid to an engineer—\$120,000. This is for services in planning a system of sanitation for the city of Santos, Brazil. Santos is the output city for Brazilian coffee, and the death rate from yellow fever and similar causes has averaged 205 to 1,000 a year. The entire city is to be practically torn down and rebuilt on sanitary principles at a cost to the Brazilian government of some \$4,000,000.—Watertown Standard.

A Philadelphia Joke.

The Ohio river in some sections is down to six inches, and the humane societies have appointed agents to carry water to the fish so that they will not grow thirsty.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

YOUNG NOBILITY.

Britons Who Will Come Into Great Titles When of Age.

Coming of age means a good deal more to a young Englishman of wealth than to an American. The latter receives the right to vote, but that is all; his British cousin comes into the inheritance of his estates, including castles with romantic histories, of a long line of ancestors, many of whom have distinguished themselves, and a seat is his in the famous and powerful house of lords. In his honor a fete is usually held or a ball is given; he receives the congratulations of his friends and his tenants, and there is a kind of



THE DUKE OF LEINSTER.

general holiday in the district when the young earl or duke or lord comes of age.

There are a number of minors now in line, growing up to their titles. The youngest of all is the little duke of Leinster, Maurice Fitzgerald, the fifth in line and the premier duke, marquis and earl of Ireland. He was born in March, 1887, and is therefore but 8 years old. He succeeded his father in 1893. It is a very old house that he has the honor to represent. The Fitzgeralds came to England with William the Conqueror in 1066, and in 1200 the barony of Offaly and in 1316 the earldom of Kildare were conferred upon them, which the present boy still retains.

The duke of Albany was born in 1884 and comes of age in 1905. His dukedom came into existence in 1398 for



THE DUKE OF ALBANY.

the second son of Robert II., of Scotland, and expired on the death of the second son of George III., of England. Queen Victoria revived it in 1881 for her son, Prince Leopold, who died just before the birth of his son, now being educated in a school near Lyndhurst. In this picture he appears in the uniform of a famous regiment, which bears his name, and is also called the Seaforth Highlanders and the Ross-shire Buffs.

One of Eugene's Tricks.

A story that has been written about Field concerns the trick he played on two carloads of Kansas City merchants who went away one time on an excursion. Each car was to go by a different route, and the cars separated at an early hour in the morning when everybody was asleep except Gene Field, who was along to write up the trip. Just before the cars parted company he carried all the shoes from one sleeper into the other and carefully exchanged them. Then he took the shoes from the sleeper that had a double supply and carried them into the sleeper where nobody had any shoes. The next morning there was a blue streak two ways across Kansas. Every man in both sleepers was miles and miles away from his own shoes.—St. Louis Republic.

His Imperial Highness Meant Well.

There was a curious story, which I am told is true, that the emperor of China, having obtained relief from some ailment by the use of patent pills that were sent him from Europe, ordered 400 pounds of that remedy through a Tientsin druggist and sent them to Korea to be distributed among the Chinese troops. But they never reached their destination. Some skeptical or superstitious mandarin had them dumped into the sea.—Chicago Record.

Law Stronger Than Social "Pull."

Miss Elizabeth Flagler's indictment for manslaughter in shooting a little negro boy who was stealing pears proves that social "pull" isn't absolutely supreme over the penal code, even in Washington.—New York Recorder.

That Nation of Shopkeepers.

If I get into trouble over the Monroe doctrine, I'll lose the \$25,000,000 a year the Yankee tourists are bringing me, and that's worth more than a slice of Venezuela, blawst it!—J. Bull.—Chicago Tribune.

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

"YOU'RE IT."

It Was Brought to America With the Game of Tag by Little Cockneys.

Boys and girls, do you know why you say, "You're it!" when playing tag? Of course not. The professor didn't either when we asked him the other day, but he promised to put his entire mind upon the subject and let us know at once.

This is what he says, though with some of his big words left out:

"The people who live over in England do not seem to think much of the letter 'h,' being in the habit of dropping it from the words where it belongs and putting it where it does not belong. What fun there is in it, or why they do it, no one can tell, but they have been in the habit of it for a good many hundred years.

"For this reason when the little English boys who were great-grand-fathers years and years ago were having grand times in their games they, too, kept dropping their h's from the words they were shouting.

"So, when they played tag, as boys do now, touching each other with their hands, whenever one boy hit another he at once shouted out, 'You're 'it!' for he could not say 'hit,' you know.

"And all the generations of little boys who have since then been playing the game continued to say 'it,' instead of 'hit,' even after our fathers learned in America to always put their h's in every other word where they belonged.

"Now, boys, let me whisper a word of warning. Don't tell your teacher what the professor says. If you do, she'll never give you any peace, but will rap on the window at every recess and tell you to say 'hit,' instead of 'it.'"

The Mongoose.

In Mr. Kipling's story of "Rikki-tikki-tavi, the Mongoose," in which all young folks and a good many older ones delight, a great respect for that busy little animal is aroused. The splendid way in which he fights Nag and Nagaina, the big black cobra and his wife, is thrilling.

There is such a thing, however, as too much activity on the part of the mongoose. The people in the island of Jamaica are realizing this. They imported the mongoose in large numbers to kill the rats, which were so numerous there that they did much damage to the sugar cane. The mongoose promptly killed the rats, but when they were all destroyed it still went on killing and destroyed all the snakes, toads and crabs that are useful to eat up the stinging insects that live down there. As a result these have much increased, for the mongoose does not care for them, and not only that, but the mongoose, having about finished the rats, snakes and toads, does not find enough to feed upon and so steals eggs and kills young pigs, lambs, calves, puppies, kittens and game birds and destroys fruits and vegetables. Pretty soon the islanders will have to import something to kill the mongoose.

Peter's Reason.

Peter lived on the prairie. When he was 8 years old, the first railroad train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A train boy threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed and squealed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter. "We'll plant it."

Peter's chubby, brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was 8 years old, there were seven peaches on his tree, one for each of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

Today Peter is a big boy. He has eight well grown peach trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighborhood. And he has a young orchard coming on which will some day bring more money than all his father's crops.—Youth's Companion.

The Obedient Egg.

Take a glass and half fill it with salt water—the water must be very salt—then fill the balance of the glass with fresh water.

Now take an egg and place it very gently in the glass, and it will float. By shaking the glass so that the fresh and salt water mix the egg will sink. Of course you make your preparation previous to exhibiting the experiment and inform your auditors that you can cause the egg to float or sink at command. It is a neat experiment, and any one can perform it and so create no little amusement in a large company.—Exchange.

The Way It Happened.

Said Toddekims to Waddlekims, "A very homely pup: 'See, there's a sleeping pussy cat. Suppose we eat her up.'"

They ne'er had seen the like, I ween, But then they thought, you see, That such a soft and sleeping thing No fearful foe could be.



But something strange, an awful change Came o'er that furry ball. And what it was that happened next They never knew at all.

Ah, how they flew, those noble two, That most heroic pair! Said Toddekims to Waddlekims, "It must have been a bear." —Churchman.

THE HEALDSBURG GIANT.

Young Church Is Over Seven Feet in Height and Still Growing.

California lays claim to a number of unusually tall people within her borders. The subject of this picture is only 17 years of age, but is over seven feet in height, and still growing. At the rate he is now shooting up into the air it looks as if the ancient giant will look like a mere boy in comparison.

His name is John Wiley Church and his exact height is just seven feet and a quarter of an inch. Though John has already gained fame as a giant in Half Moon Bay, his native town, and more recently in Healdsburg, his present residence, none of the other members of his family have ever attracted any attention to their stature, for the reason that none of them are bigger than ordinary individuals. His brother is not above the average height, so John cannot comprehend why he is so tall. In fact, he is half ashamed of the honor, and has allowed himself to become round shouldered in an effort to appear as small as the rest of the family. It is not until his dignity asserts itself and he straightens out that one realized how diminutive they are beside him. The man standing under his arm was proud of his six feet of stature until he met John. He is not very stout, but then that may be accounted for by the fact



JOHN WILEY CHURCH.

that he works hard every day, peddling fruit around the interior towns. His wonderful height never fails to attract attention and John has never had to complain of his sales.

THE FASHION PLATE.

The dahlia, mulberry and reddish plum shades in velvet and cloth are much used for elegant fur trimmed costumes.

Changeable velvets in exquisite color mixtures are employed by high class modistes and tailors in the making of Louis XVI theater and opera capes and coats.

Jacquemint or poppy red velours in ribbed patterns, edged with out jet gimp, are used for decorating the bodies of handsome black costumes for the winter.

Changeable effects in silks, satins, silk and wool mixtures, and in fancy velvets are still the very correct fashion, notwithstanding their long limit of favoritism.

Black crepons with brilliantly colored figures on the wavy background are used for elegant dinner and visiting gowns, and these, 40 inches wide, cost from \$2 to \$7 a yard.

Very handsome costumes are made of moss green corduroy trimmed on the coat front with rich iridescent passementeries and elsewhere decorated with narrow bands of dark mink fur.

Fancy belts of fine gold plate not more than two inches wide and fastened with handsome gold clasps are worn with some elegant dinner and reception dresses just brought from Paris.

Very bright colors appear upon the fronts of gowns worn even upon the promenade. Brilliant cherry, orange, yellow, green and other striking colors are used in velvet for stock collar and vest or plastron front.

The jacket with stitched bands simulating box plaits, belted in the back and having open fronts over a fancy vest, retains favor for youthful wearers, both here and abroad. This model has full sleeves and two cape collars edged with narrow fur.—New York Post.

They Get There.

There are a lot of weary women around town these days and nights, and their weariness is no marvel to those in the secret.

They are all taking bicycle lessons, and it isn't as easy as it looks. It doesn't seem possible that the maiden who skims along so gracefully on her wheel, emulating the flight of the birds, ever sat, harnessed up, in a bicycle school, with her limbs trembling, her back aching, her eyes sticking out like pouched eggs, and a slave driver beside her forcing her to do what she knows is simply impossible, does it?

But they have all been through the experience.—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Peary to Settle Down.

Explorer Lieutenant R. E. Peary of the United States navy has been assigned for duty as a civil engineer in the department of yards and docks in the Brooklyn navy yard. His fellow officers at the yard stated that Lieutenant Peary had given up all thought of reaching the north pole and would settle down to routine work in the navy department.

Lieutenant Peary obtained leave of absence from the navy department and was engaged by the Philadelphia Historical society to take charge of its two expeditions in the north, the last of which terminated a month ago.—New York World.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WAVES OF DARKNESS.

Curious Phenomenon Stops Business and Work in Pittsburgh.

A meteorological phenomenon of unusual character attracted wide attention in Pittsburgh and vicinity between 10 and 11 o'clock the other morning. Rain and wind were prevailing, the atmosphere was heavy, and the clouds hung low.

Suddenly a fall of darkness, growing in intensity, came up the Ohio valley from the northwest. It produced an effect like the shadow of an eclipse. It seemed to be produced by an area of low sweeping clouds, large enough to cover the heavens and dense enough to cut off all light from above. The darkness was remarkable and alarming.

Carpenters stopped their work on new buildings. People rushed to the doors and windows. Shoppers and even clerks poured out of the stores, and in a few minutes the streets were filled with throngs of people, all looking upward apprehensively.

Business indoors and out was suspended. In the outskirts of the city the air was filled with myriads of leaves.

Down the Ohio river a beautiful feature of the phenomenon was exhibited when the darkness was at its height by the sudden dawning of a spot of silver brightness low down on the horizon, in the center of the Ohio valley and over the waters of the Ohio. This was the rear guard of the darkness. Both it and the cloud traveled with about the velocity that a cloud shadow in midsummer does when it sweeps over the meadows. The brightness following was like molten silver, and beneath it the river took on the same effect. The falls of the river at Davis island dam, which a moment before had been lost to sight in the darkness, now seemed like a line of quicksilver across the river, above and beyond which the city was lost to sight in inky darkness. This light revealed long cloud streamers traveling with surprising rapidity. Then in turn the light brightened up the city.

Three times came waves of darkness and light. The light waves were narrow and of startling intensity, while the dark wave covered the whole heavens. It took but a few moments for each manifestation to pass, but everybody says nothing like it was ever seen there before.—New York Sun.

DR. TALMAGE'S NEW HOME.

He Will Lease It For the Present and Live at a Hotel.

Although Dr. Talmage has bought a house in Washington and purposes to have all his household goods moved presently to that city, it is not likely that he will quit his present quarters at the Arlington within the year. Dr. Talmage has taken Mrs. Ann Cole's old home at 1400 1/2 Massachusetts avenue. It is one of the oldest houses in that part of the city and adjoins the newer annex now occupied by Assistant Secretary Hamlin as treasury.

Dr. Talmage will take the larger house, which will be furnished throughout with his own effects, except his library, which has already been installed at the Arlington, and in this condition it will be leased for a year. There is a large amount of beautiful and valuable material that Dr. Talmage has collected in his journeyings, especially in the far east, many handsome rugs and carvings and quite a collection of pictures. These will all be placed in his new Washington home.

Mrs. Cole's furniture will be sold at auction next Tuesday, and she will take up her residence temporarily at another of her houses, after which she may go to Brooklyn to spend the balance of the winter with her brother, Hon. Horatio King, who will occupy the Talmage property, for which Mrs. Cole's Washington property was exchanged.—Washington Post.

Miss May Cassatt.

One of the women who are becoming famous in art is Miss May Cassatt, an American who has lived in London and Paris for many years. A critic says of her: "If the signature upon each picture were not 'May Cassatt,' it is doubtful, so far as execution goes, whether any observer would suspect that the painter is a woman. Miss Cassatt's work is very seldom deficient of her sex. It has none of the 'chip on the shoulder' air, as who would say, 'I am a woman, but I can paint like a man,' that the aggressively masculine touch of Miss Beaux, for example, sometimes suggests. To all appearances, in technical attainment and achievement, Miss Cassatt is simply unconscious of her sex, and would put him who examines her work into similar mood. Her hand is quite as firm as a man's. It is a great deal bolder and more precise than that of many of her brethren at home and abroad."

Sweet Fraze.

W. H. MacDonald, the baritone of the Bostonians, tells a good story on himself. Last summer while rusticating in the pine woods of Maine it became noised about the village that he was one of the Bostonians and he was asked to appear at a local concert. He sang and was received with thunderous applause. As he was leaving the hall an old man rushed up to him, shook him by the hand, and exclaimed: "Mister, I've seen a good many of them singers down to Boston, but I'll be dinged if you ain't got the darndest sweetest lung I ever heered in all my life."—San Francisco Post.

NEW EPISCOPAL BISHOP.

Bishop Elect Satterlee Has Twice Declined Similar Honors.

Rev. H. Y. Satterlee of Calvary church, New York city, has been elected bishop of the new Episcopal diocese of Washington. This is viewed as a compromise choice between high church and low church candidates. Dr. McKim of Washington was looked upon before the convention as the man who would be chosen, but he was defeated by the high church faction, whose favorite candidate was Rev. Morgan Dix. Dr. Satterlee is not regarded as a representative of either wing of the church. He is generally spoken of as an exponent of "broad church" principles.

The new diocese over which Dr. Satterlee has been selected to preside has just been created. It comprises the city



REV. H. Y. SATTERLEE, D. D.

of Washington and four of the southern counties of Maryland. The new bishop will have his headquarters in Washington. His salary is to be \$7,000 a year, but this will soon be increased, it is promised.

The Rev. Henry Yates Satterlee will make an imposing figure in a bishop's robes, as his person is tall and commanding. He is 52 years old and a native of New York city. He was graduated at Columbia college and from the General Theological seminary. His first appointment was as assistant rector of the Episcopal church at Wappinger Falls, N. Y. He subsequently became rector and was called to the pulpit of Calvary church, in 1882. About this time the degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon him by Union college. In 1888 he was elected assistant bishop of Ohio, and in 1889 he was elected bishop of Michigan, but he declined both honors. Dr. Satterlee has been a prominent figure in the Episcopal church for several years. He has been most actively interested in the Episcopal church congress, the parochial missions, the temperance movement and in home and foreign missionary work. He is an eloquent speaker, a writer of no mean ability and an energetic organizer. He was not a candidate for bishop and was surprised when notified of his election.

Brutality to Women.

Wife beating is on the road to murder. Crimes of violence against women are shamefully common. The wife beater is having altogether too easy a time of it. He even holds his head up in respectable society and sometimes in the churches. It would help to check more fatal crimes against both men and women if he were more severely dealt with. The impunity with which he keeps up his violence against the helpless victim of his home is an encouragement to greater crimes. The unwillingness of society to recognize the extent of this kind of depravity is in part its shield. In fact, enlightened as the age is, it very much needs to have its eyes opened to the developments of crime before it reaches the outbreaking horror.—Chicago Advance.

Women Came Out Ahead.

Women came out ahead in an examination recently held for library cataloguer and library clerk for the agricultural department at Washington. Of the 30 applicants for the former position, all of the men failed to pass, while only five out of the 16 women did so. Of the ten applicants for the latter, eight men failed and two women passed. Although Secretary Morton wanted men for the places, he was moved by these results to change his mind, and appointed Miss E. B. Wales of Chicago clerk, and Miss G. F. Leonard of the Albany state library cataloguer.

The Peralta Land Claims.

The decision of the court of land claims at Santa Fe that the renowned Miguel de Peralta, baron of the Colorado, is as mythical a personage as Sairey Gamp's friend, Mrs. Harris, and that the grants said to have been made to him are forgeries, will perhaps dispose of one of the most extraordinary of the land claims in the southwest. The establishment of this tribunal by congress was an excellent piece of work, and gradually the titles to real estate in New Mexico and adjoining regions will be freed from the tangle of the last 40 years.—New York Sun.

Ending the Line.

A man who sits around and boasts of his ancestors makes a pretty poor ancestor himself.—Acheson Globe.

There is no connection between marriage bells and chestnut bells, although it may be admitted that the former is an old joke.

Philadelphia's Ancient Lockup.

An old English dungeon has been brought to light by the tearing down of a building in the rear of a pickle factory on Spruce street, below Second. The building is thought to have been more than 300 years old. Every brick in it was brought from England, and the building was once the pride of the little colony that lived here. It was originally, it is said, the cornhouse of the settlement, and underneath the ground were those dungeons or cells in which prisoners were kept. It is supposed that the cells were used as temporary places of confinement, and not for prisoners serving long terms, much the same as the "lockups" or station houses of today. The bricks are as solid as in the days of old and will be used again in another building. The old house has been burned out several times, but the walls were never damaged much. The whole neighborhood is an interesting one. The building adjoining the one torn down has a fourth floor, which is windowless. Instead of the usual windows it has porches, slanting downward, from which, "in days of old, when knights were bold," men probably picked off prowling Indians or enemies of some kind.—Philadelphia Press.

Sterne's Plagiarisms.

The following instance of Sterne's unblushing "conveying" has not, I think, been hitherto recorded. In "Tristram Shandy," volume 1, chapter 12, is the following well known passage:

"When to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and a helpless creature shall be sacrificed, 'tis an easy matter to pick up sticks enough from any thicket where it has strayed to make a fire to offer it up with."

In the introduction to "Baconiana," London, 1679, T. T. i. e., Dr. Thomas Tenison, in comment on Bacon's words to King James, "I wish that I am the first, so I may be the last of sacrifices in your times," writes as follows (page 16):

"And when from private Appetite, it is resolved that a Creature shall be sacrificed; it is easy to pick up sticks enough, from any Thicket whither it hath strayed, to make a Fire to offer it with."

There could not be a more audacious example of literary theft.—Notes and Queries.

"Nagging Woman" Again.

Dr. Edson's recent articles in The North American Review on this subject provoked replies from women, who are now in turn answered by him. He repeats that "with a woman who is a confirmed nagger, a cursed shrew," as Shakespeare calls her, neither exercise nor fresh air, nor any other agency of which we have knowledge, will do any good. She must simply be endured by those who cannot get away from her. I wonder sometimes whether these women realize for a moment how intensely they are detested.

Further, he wishes to emphasize the danger to those who are slipping into the habit. "I hope some women reading these articles will seriously ask themselves whether it is worth while; whether the danger of becoming real naggers is not confronting them; whether they are willing to look forward to a time when they will be detested by every one, and to one when their husbands and children will rejoice over their deaths. They can stop now, but it is sure that the habit will grow on them until they reach a point where they will not be able to stop."

Women Who Preach the Gospel.

Rev. Anna H. Shaw preached in the First Congregational church of Oakland, Cal., Sunday morning, May 15. Rev. Dr. J. K. McLean, pastor of the church, said in introductory remarks that he was glad it was no longer an innovation for women to preach the gospel. In the evening Miss Shaw preached in the First Congregational church of San Francisco to an immense audience. The pastor, Dr. C. O. Brown, referred to the previous occasions upon which he had spoken to the people of the coming woman and said it gave him great pleasure that at last she had arrived. Dr. Brown continued: "Now there is a suspicion floating about that she would like to vote, and I give you notice now that if she wants to vote she will." The cordial recognition extended to women ministers by the Congregational clergy, especially in the west, is one of the many pleasant experiences of these latter days.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

"COLTON GAZ," which has an established and a world-wide reputation for its purity and efficacy in the speedy extraction of teeth, still maintains its superiority as the special anesthetic in dental operations. The safest of all anesthetics; over 50,000 references; endorsed by all reputable physicians and dentists. We also perform all operations in dentistry with latest appliances, increased facilities and modern methods. Office—Rooms 8-10 Pheasant Building, 806 Market St., San Francisco. Colton Dental Association.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life.

A way is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up paralyzed nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, DORCHESTER, MASS., the well known manufacturers of Breakfast Cocoa and other Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, have an extraordinary collection of medals and diplomas awarded at the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. The house has had uninterrupted prosperity for nearly a century and a quarter. The high degree of perfection to which the company has attained in its manufacture of products is the result of long experience combined with an intelligent use of the new forces which are constantly being introduced to increase the power and improve the quality of production, and cheapen the cost to the consumer.

In view of the many imitations of the name, labels and wrappers on their goods consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine articles made at DORCHESTER, MASS.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Maclellan's cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Living Shadow.

REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF A NORTH CAROLINA MAN.

Strange, but True, Story from the Lumber Regions of a Southern State—Verified by Personal Investigation.

(From the Greenville, N. C., Reflector.)

The following interview has just been given our reporter by Mr. G. A. Baker, the overseer at the farm of Col. Isaac A. Sugg, of Greenville, N. C. It will interest anyone who has ever had Typhoid fever. Mr. Baker said in part:

"I was living in Beaufort county, and on the 2d day of October, 1893, I was stricken down with typhoid fever. I had the best physicians to attend me and on the 15th day of January, 1894, I was allowed to get up. I was emaciated, weak, and had no appetite. I could only drag along for a short distance and would be compelled to sit down and rest. This continued for some time and I began to give up hope of ever getting well. I lost my position in Beaufort county and having secured one in Pitt county, clerking in a store, I undertook it, but was so weak I could not do the work and had to give it up. The disease settled in my knees, legs and feet. I was taking fifty one kind of medicine and then another, but nothing did me any good. I was mighty low-spirited. I moved out to Col. Sugg's about four or five months ago and commenced taking Dr. Williams' Pills. I took three a day for about three months. I began to regain my appetite in a week's time, and then my weakness began to disappear, and hope sprung up with a blessedness that is beyond all telling. At the expiration of the three months I was entirely cured and could take my axe and go in the woods and do as good a day's work as any man. I was troubled with dyspepsia and that has disappeared. It is also a splendid tonic for weak people. I say, Mr. Editor, God bless Dr. Williams; may he live for a long time; I know he will go on yonder to reap his reward for he has done a wonderful lot of good. Tell everybody that asks you about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People that if they will come to me I can certainly satisfy them as to their merits. I always carry a box of pills with me, and whenever I feel bad I take one."

We were forcibly struck with the earnestness of Mr. Baker and his statements may be relied on.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Strong Brains.

A mild bit of repartee is reported as having occurred between the poet Saxe and Oliver Wendell Holmes. They were talking about brain fever when Mr. Saxe remarked: "I once had a severe attack of brain fever myself." "How could you have brain fever?" asked Dr. Holmes, smiling. "It is only strong brains that have brain fever." "How did you find that out?" asked Saxe.—Youth's Companion.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS"

Have come, the saddest of the year, 'tween autumn has arrived, as poet Bryant intimates, but when a fellow gets bilious, the "blue" and "yellow leaf" is in his complexion if not in the foliage at that inauspicious time. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will soon dispel his rebellious liver, and regulate his bowels, besides toning his stomach and healthfully stimulating his kidneys. Malaria, rheumatism and nervousness are also relieved by the Bitters.

Dudley—What are you going to be when you are grown up, Bobby? Bobby—I'm going to be a man. What are you going to be?

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lopez, 1205 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirke's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirke's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and hemorrhoids of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, \$1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Rich Red Blood

Is the foundation of health. The way to have Rich, Red, Healthy Blood is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm, and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as anyone.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

CATARRH

Ely's Cream Balm Opens and cleanses the nasal passages, allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sore, Protects the Membrane from Cold, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 10 cents at druggists or by mail ELY BROTHERS & CO., 59 Warren Street, New York

TIME AND TIDE.

"Time and tide wait for no man" saith the adage—but there are many other things of the non-waiting kind which will not be put off and ought not to be. Half the misery of the world is caused by delay, and Rheumatism is one of those insidious ills which demands prompt attention, especially in mid-winter, when the cold accelerates its action and intensifies pain. If allowed to have its way, it will wait for no man in its rapid development of the chronic stage. When this is reached, then come troubles, not only in its misery but in many ways where a helpless condition throws the sufferer out of work and money. But whether in its acute, chronic or inflammatory stage, don't wait. The tide of pain will go on and so will loss of time. At the same time we all know that St. Jacobs Oil is made and sold for the express purpose of curing the worst cases in their worst form at any stage. It has cured and will cure in nine cases out of ten.

He—Trudeau, dear, this kiss tells you all I have to say. Have you understood me? She—Oh, please, say it again.

CATARH CANNOT BE CURED.

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the two ingredients which produce such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

J. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

"Why do they keep on saying that 'The villain still pursued her'?" "You see, he was a Phila delphia villain and he never caught up."

F. M. Peter, leading costumer, theatrical, masquerade costumes, wigs and play-books. Country masquerade balls a specialty. 729 Market St., S. F.

Try Germet for Breakfast.

From U.S. Journal of Medicine

Prof. W. H. Peck, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and Express address. Write him at once, wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PECK, P. O. 4 Cedar St., New York

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HEALS RUNNING SORES

CURES THE SERPENT'S STING

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

In all its stages completely eradicated by S.S.S. Obstacles to its healing power. It removes the poison and builds up the system.

Valuable treatise on the disease and its treatment mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

It is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

Pain-Killer is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Diarrhea, Stomach, Coughs, Cholera, and all Bowel Complaints.

Pain-Killer is the BEST remedy known for Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back

THE ENTERPRISE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

E. E. CUNNINGHAM, Editor and Prop.

Entered at the Postoffice at Baden, Cal. as second class matter, December 19th, 1895.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 4, 1896.

LOCAL PROGRESS

During the Past Year in Our First Township.

The past year has not been a prosperous one in the country at large. Any advance made by a particular section or locality, under existing conditions, is, therefore, worthy of note, and reason for local congratulation.

The progress made during the past year in the northern portion of San Mateo county, has been a quiet movement, marked by a steady gain in material wealth and population.

COLMA.

Colma, the northernmost town of San Mateo county, has a solid basis for her past steady growth and future prosperity in the fertile agricultural lands of her immediate vicinity, and in the trade of the extensive cemetery district at her southern door, as well as that of the more remote San Pedro Valley, of which she is the natural outlet.

Vegetable gardening, dairying and hog-ranching are the chief industries of this rich section.

Among the leading dairies may be mentioned, the San Mateo, Mayfield, Daily's, and Christenson's.

The vegetable gardeners are too numerous for special mention. The business is for the most part carried on by natives of sunny Italy, who, by reason of their superior knowledge and skill, coupled with habits of strict economy and constant industry, easily lead all others in their chosen vocation. A most attractive place for visitors is to be found at Grallert & Co.'s Colma nursery, on the southern outskirts of the town. There, on the sheltered slopes of a sunny hillside, the choicest flowers grow and bloom in the greatest profusion. A space 250x250 feet, under glass, is devoted almost exclusively to carnations, for which, as well as other floral products, a ready market is found in the city of San Francisco.

The past year has added a number of substantial improvements to this progressive town. Prominent in the list is the new store building of M. and S. Belli.

This new and handsome building, of two stories, occupies a central position at the corner of the two main streets of the town, with a frontage of 56 by a depth of 70 feet, with a one-story annex. The main building is occupied by the owners with a large stock of general merchandise. A glance at the interior discloses a store metropolitan in appearance, and one of which a city merchant might feel justly proud. The annex is occupied by the meat market of Jason Wight, a shoe store and barber-shop. The past twelve months has also witnessed the completion of a fine school house, located on a central and handsome site, representing a total outlay of \$15,000.

In the northern section a very pretty residence building has been erected by Mr. Waller.

CEMETERIES.

To the south of, and about one and a-half miles from Colma, are situated a succession of extensive cemeteries.

These silent cities of the dead have a frontage along the line of the Southern Pacific Company's Railway, and the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway, on the Old Mission Road, of about one and a-half miles, and occupy the gently undulating plateau which rises in graceful swells from the Mission Road to the base of the San Bruno Mountains.

OLIVETTE.

Olivette Cemetery has been established within the past year. The company have fenced their land, graded a portion thereof and are preparing to make extensive improvements the present year. It is understood that a distinctive feature of this company will be to provide plots for the various society organizations.

SALEM.

South of Olivette is Salem Cemetery, with thirty-five acres of land, of which fifteen acres have been improved and used for cemetery purposes. This company employs a number of men steadily.

Salem and Hills of Eternity are both Jewish cemeteries.

HOME OF PEACE.

South of Salem is the Home of Peace Cemetery. This association owns fifty-three acres of land, of which twenty acres are improved and used for cemetery purposes. Fifteen men find steady employment in their grounds. Ninety thousand dollars have been expended in the last few years in improvements. Much work has been laid out for the coming year. This association and the Hills of Eternity have a common entrance and boulevard to their respective cemeteries.

HILLS OF ETERNITY.

Next to the Home of Peace is situated

the Hills of Eternity Cemetery. This cemetery organization own thirty-five acres of land in two lots. The lot already improved and occupied comprises twenty acres. Upon this lot there has been expended to date over \$200,000.

Within the past year 2000 bodies have been removed from the City Cemetery to Hills of Eternity at a cost to the association of \$50,000. A section of plots for single graves has been copied, fixed up and put in fine order. The association contemplate expending \$100,000 the present year in retaining walls, and in a bridge and boulevard to connect the twenty acres improved with the association's thirty-three-acre tract across and upon the opposite side of a small creek which separates the two lots of land.

CYPRESS LAWN.

The Cypress Lawn Cemetery has a total of seventy acres, lying between the Hills of Eternity and Holy Cross Cemetery. The Cypress Lawn Improvement Company purchased this land in May, 1892, and have since erected a grand gateway, a convenient office, a beautiful chapel and receiving vault, a crematory and columbarium, laid out grounds, planted thousands of trees and have a cemetery complete in every respect.

This cemetery is laid out upon the lawn plan. No fences, copings, or artificial irregularities are allowed around burial lots. The only ornaments permitted are the stately monument, the graceful statue, beautiful trees and flowers and nature's carpet of emerald green, the intention being to provide a calm and peaceful resting-place for the dead, and an attractive and pleasing place for meditation for the living. This cemetery contains the only crematory in this section of the State and the only columbarium on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. W. J. Blain is the capable and courteous superintendent, under whose efficient management within the past year, a columbarium has been built, two sections comprising twelve acres of land graded, an expensive pumping plant and green-house erected, a large artificial lake created, an eight-inch water main laid through the cemetery, about 2000 trees planted, and the fencing in of the entire cemetery completed.

The association gives regular employment to some thirty-five men.

THE HOLY CROSS.

This is a Catholic cemetery, and one of the largest and finest in this beautiful cemetery district. Immense sums have been expended in retaining walls, buildings, walks, drives, grading, in tree planting and landscape ornamentation.

Within the past year much of this work of improvement has been carried on, employing a large number of workmen.

MARBLE YARDS.

Along the entire front of the cemetery district, on Mission Road, numerous marble yards have been established, giving regular employment to a large number of skilled artisans.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

This new town, just entering upon the fifth year of its life, was founded by the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company and has a population of 700 people. Within the past four years the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company and the Western Meat Company have expended more than \$2,000,000 in improvements at this place. A deep-water harbor with extensive wharves has been created. A great modern plant, provided with the latest and best machinery and appliances, comprising abattoirs and packing-houses, has been built and put in successful operation, and extensive stock yards established.

The Western Meat Company giving regular employment to some 200 laborers and skilled workmen is the mainstay of the town's prosperity. By reason of its location and by virtue of the fixed policy and settled purpose of its founders, this town is, and will continue to be, through all the stages of its development, from a tiny village to a prosperous city, a center of industries, a factory town, and while its merchants and shop-keepers draw a considerable and ever increasing trade from the great dairy ranches of its adjacent territory, yet its chief support, and its main basis of present and future prosperity is, and will be, the army of sturdy workmen and skilled artisans who are employed and will find work in its shops and factories. Within the past year an important and valuable industry has been added to the town's material resources, in the extensive terra cotta and pipe works of Steiger Sons.

These gentlemen, within the past year, acquired from the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company eight acres of land east of and adjoining the latter company's fine wharf on deep water, upon which they have erected a main building of four stories, 78x196 feet, with a one-story annex of 38x143 feet. This large building has been completely equipped with the most improved modern machinery and appliances in use in this business, and is in full and successful operation, representing a large investment of capital and giving employment to some forty workmen.

Within the past year some half dozen cozy cottages and artistic residences have been added to the town proper.

Among the large dairy ranches, located in this vicinity, may be mentioned the Leipsic Bros., Howard Tilton's "Baden Dairy," the Great Jersey Farm dairies, Nos. 1 and 2, under the management of Mr. George R. Sneath, the Brazil Co., Furrer & Eggers, the I. X. L. and the Guadalupe.

WARREN & MALLEY.

About three miles north of South San Francisco, on the San Bruno Road, a new industry has been estab-

lished within the past year by Warren & Malley of San Francisco.

These gentlemen have opened an extensive rock quarry on the lands of the Guadalupe Ranch, in the hills, about one mile from the waters of the bay; have built a tramway from the quarry to the water-front on the bay, where an expensive wharf has been constructed so that their cars loaded with rock may come from the quarry and be run upon their barges which transport the loaded cars to the Alameda mole of the Southern Pacific Company and to the North Beach property of the Fair estate, with which concerns Warren & Malley have contracts for rock which will require two or three years to complete. This new industry represents a large investment of capital and gives employment to some 100 men.

MILLBRAE.

Six miles south of South San Francisco is situated the thriving town of Millbrae. In addition to the trade coming from the small ranches in the immediate vicinity, its merchants and business men receive support from the trade of a number of large dairy ranches, chief of which are the Millbrae and the Black Hawk.

Trade with the Morgan Oyster Company is also no small item in the business which comes to this place.

SPRING VALLEY WATER COMPANY.

A review of progress made the past year in this section would be far from complete without some reference to the work done by the Spring Valley Water Company.

At the north, near Lake Merced, a great tunnel has been driven through the hill to convey the water from the water shed, near Colma, to the ocean, and prevent the drainage from hog and vegetable ranches reaching Lake Merced. Land has been bought on the hill south of Ocean View and an immense settling basin constructed. It is estimated that the work has required an outlay of some \$150,000.

Near Baden Station the water main has been raised from the marsh upon piles and a bulkhead constructed to prevent the waters of the creek from interfering with the new section of the pipe line.

Improvements have been made along the main pipe line from Lake San Andreas across the lands of C. Silva. A large force has been employed along this line, with the view of enlarging the mains and furnishing more and purer water to the city of San Francisco.

BAY SHORE RAILROAD.

During the year the Southern Pacific Company has been quietly, but effectively, making preparation for the construction of its Bay Shore Line, by securing right of way and quieting title thereto, either in the courts or by purchase from owners of land on the line, and has succeeded in obtaining a clear right of way from San Francisco to San Bruno, with perhaps one exception, and that is in a fair way to be settled at an early day.

Whilst the foregoing epitome of development in our section of the county is not as complete as we would like to make it, yet it is sufficient in that it shows the main sources of our prosperity and wealth, and, considering what other sections of our country have during the last year experienced and suffered, is something of which we, of the First Township, feel justly proud.

The Palo Alto "Times" appeared last week in an entirely new dress. It is a live, home-made paper, devoted to the interests of its locality, bright and newswy, and a credit to the University town.

The proprietor of the Arroyo Grande "Herald," following the example set by his big brother, the San Francisco "Examiner," turned his paper over on Christmas week to the boys and girls of the Arroyo Grande High School. The High School edition of the "Herald" is filled with live and interesting matter, from its first to its twelfth page, and is a credit alike to that enterprising journal, to the town, and to the High School of Arroyo Grande.

MONTGOMERY BAGGS

Insurance Agent

Accredited Insurance Agent for the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Co., on all their buildings and plant at South San Francisco.

Special facilities for placing large lines on all classes of insurable property. Property specially rated. Correspondence solicited.
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THE COURT.

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Grand Avenue, Next to P. O.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM,

... REAL ESTATE ...

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INSURANCE

LOCAL AGENT

FOR THE

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO LAND & IMPROV'T CO.

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AGENT EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

House Broker.

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SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOCAL NEWS.

Begin the new year with enterprise. Subscribe for the "Enterprise." Bring your local news to the "Enterprise."

Stand ready to aid all local enterprise. Eugene Miner spent New Year's day in the city.

Inspire all around you with the spirit of enterprise. Remember that there is nothing so contagious as enterprise.

The office of the "Enterprise" is in the Postoffice building.

Julius Eikrenkotter and family spent New Year's day with relatives in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McEwan spent New Year's day with friends in Oakland.

James Kerr shot and killed a large wildcat, at San Andreas Lake, last Sunday.

Frank Rood, special officer of the Milkmen's Can and Bottle Association, was in town Friday.

Mr. R. K. Patchell has made an elegant rock crossing on Grand avenue in front of his residence.

Ike Wilson was thrown from one of Rehberg's wagons on New Year's Day and quite severely injured.

The hotel, at Five-Mile House, on the San Bruno Road, was totally destroyed by fire Monday morning.

August Kluegel has purchased the Ira Dick cottage and lot on Miller avenue. The Dick property adjoins Mr. Kluegel's residence.

Henry Michenfelder has had his lots on upper Grand avenue plowed and fenced. Henry says he is going to test the soil on the question of a vegetable crop.

Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham of San Francisco were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George R. Sneath at the latter's elegant country residence, on New Year's Day.

Inspector John Riley managed to get two hours respite from his duties on New Year's day. He put in the time officially inspecting the turkey he got at the recent Kneese raffle.

W. J. Martin and family and Col. Geo. H. Chapman and wife, together with a number of friends enjoyed New Year's hospitality at the elegant home of Mrs. Greenleaf in Alameda.

BORN.—In South San Francisco, January 1st, at seven o'clock p. m., to the wife of Charles Johnson, a daughter. It is needless to add that Charlie is a very proud father.

Wm. Rehberg received two carloads of hay on Monday. Rehberg keeps on hand a big stock and is prepared to furnish hay, grain, feed, wood and coal in any quantities desired.

Frank Miner and family returned on New Year's Day from a holiday vacation and visit to Marysville. Frank reports having enjoyed a jolly good time among his old neighbors.

If you want to know how to win on the first throw at a turkey raffle, ask Billy Neff. He can tell you all about it. He says there is no truth in the old saying: "You can't catch an old bird with chaff."

Dr. George S. Barker, United States Veterinary Inspector for the Port of San Francisco, visited the abattoirs and packing-house of the Western Meat Company on Thursday. Mrs. Barker accompanied the doctor on his visit.

On Saturday morning last, whilst the gale was at its highest, a baby cyclone lifted the roof from the one-story building in the rear of Kneese's store, and carried it across the street and dropped it in front of Tom Benner's place.

Mrs. E. E. Cunningham, who has been in poor health most of the past year, was well enough to be out on New Year's Day, and assisted during office hours at the Postoffice, but the better part of her time was employed in receiving many and varied New Year's presents.

The turkey raffle, at Kneese's, on the evening of December 30th, was a great success. Twenty-three turkeys were raffled off amidst the greatest good humor, and at the end every one was happy and satisfied with the evening's sport.

Misses Barnum and Kneese deserve great credit for their efforts in behalf of Grace Mission Christmas tree. Every dollar of the money expended for presents and other expenses of the Christmas tree was solicited and collected by them.

Deputy Poundmaster Howe made a raid last Monday night, also Wednesday night. Several head of truant stock were gathered into the fold. The full penalty was exacted from each owner. Mr. Howe says that in future the full penalty of the law will be exacted by him for all impounded stock.

Mr. E. L. Bliss removed with his family to San Francisco on the 30th of last month. Mr. Bliss has been for a long time in the employ of the Western Meat Company at this place. By faithful service he has earned promotion and will remain in the employ of the Company at their principal office at Sixth and Townsend streets, San Francisco.

The old coursing park, which has of late been under the management of the Casserly Bros., will be made more popular and attractive than ever. Under an amicable and business arrangement entered into between the Casserlys and Mr. Kerrigan, the park of Mr. Kerrigan, near "The Villa," will be closed and the interests of the Casserly Bros. and Kerrigan united in the older and popular park, situated on the line of the Southern Pacific

Company's Railroad and the San Mateo Electric line and within an easy distance from San Francisco.

Hose Company, No. 1, held its regular meeting last Friday evening. New officers were elected for the ensuing year. W. T. Neff was elected Chief; James Goggin, First Assistant; Harvey Knight, Second Assistant; and Fred Stone, Secretary. Hereafter the hose cart will be kept in Brewery Hall, and the regular meeting of the Company held there.

Mr. Howard Tilton has recently leased from the Land Company several acres of land in the vicinity of his property on Grand avenue, near the school house. Mr. Tilton is having all this property fenced in. This will shut off travel on what is commonly known as the lower road, forcing it all on to Grand avenue between Baden and South San Francisco.

The Southern Pacific Railroad has in each instance obtained judgment in or amicably adjusted all of the condemnation suits begun last fall for right of way for the Bay Shore Railroad. Everything points to an early completion of this line. We have no doubt actual work on this road will be commenced inside of a very few weeks. This means much for South San Francisco as well as San Mateo county.

The "New Year's Eve" ball, given at the Baden Hotel, was well attended. Extensive arrangements had been made to make the occasion a most enjoyable one and the numerous guests showed full appreciation of this particular feature of their entertainment. The old year out and the new year in—clear in, even to the wee small hours, found the ball in full progress, and not until dawn did the guests depart.

We have received several letters lately making inquiry of us concerning the reliability and accuracy of our market reports. We desire to say for general information that these market reports are carefully compiled every Friday morning and are absolutely accurate in all respects and perfectly reliable. We have many patrons among the stock raisers of this coast and we are consequently making a special effort to furnish each week the exact condition of the market.

PRESS NOTES.

SUPERIOR COURT NOTES.

Railroad Land Suits Dismissed—Probate Matters.

On Saturday, December 21st, Archibald Hamilton of San Mateo, a native of Ireland, was admitted to citizenship.

A decree of final distribution in the estate of Maria Y. de Miramontes as granted Thursday. A petition as presented by the heirs for a partition of the real estate and said petition was taken under advisement.

Charles Meyer, accused of vitriol throwing, appeared in court Thursday morning and through his attorney, A. J. Thatcher, plead not guilty. No date was fixed for trial.

The People vs. Barsanti charged with assault with a deadly weapon. The defendant was given until January 2d to appear for arraignment.

Nearly all the suits that were begun last spring in the Superior Court by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to condemn certain property at the northern end of the county have been compromised or settled. Only P. M. Patridge and one or two other property owners remain to be heard from in the suits pending.

In the suit of the R. R. Co. vs. A. A. Parkinson and others all the defendants have been settled with the exception of W. H. Clark who is out of the State. December 21st the case came up for hearing and said Clark not appearing a decision was rendered in favor of plaintiffs.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company vs. B. B. Raymond and others was dismissed in open court Saturday, December 21st.

Mrs. Sarah T. Fox, guardian of the estate and person of Miss Ethel Fox, filed her final account Thursday morning last. Miss Fox, having attained her majority, the estate passes into her possession.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

Prospective New Depot.

From a reliable source it is learned that the S. P. Company will erect a handsome new depot here, at a cost of five or six thousand dollars. If the people of the town will contribute \$2500 towards the structure. It is argued that in towns where finer buildings have been desired than the Company has been willing to construct, at its own expense, the citizens have deemed it profitable to meet the additional cost. If a new depot is built here it should be a creditable one and an ornament to the town, no matter what the cost. A common, inferior structure would prove a detriment.—Redwood City Democrat.

John Regan Found Dead.

The dead body of John Regan, an old soldier who had been drawing a pension from the Government, was found dead in a gully on Lawrence Kelly's ranch, between the Summit and Lahonda, by Maurice Rapley, last Saturday. The lantern of deceased, which was standing on the brink of the gulch, led to the discovery of the body.—Redwood City Democrat.

CAME FROM COLMA.

A patriotic party of young men came from Colma to the city yesterday in a vehicle that attracted general attention. They drove six dashing horses all bedecked with evergreens and completely filled a big wagon that was gayly decorated, and it was quite evident that the jolly fellows were having a merry celebration of New Year's day behind the green boughs and American flags.

Their original ideas in the way of decorations caused these Colma boys to be heartily cheered until their passage through the city streets seemed like a great ovation. Their wagon was lined with the stars and stripes, while along the railings on each side were written the words, "Monroe doctrine." And with this enthusiastic display of patriotism went the music of life and drum, which sounded in many a martial and National air. The boys, too, had a yell: "Rab, 'rah, Colma. First in peace, first in war. Monroe doctrine!"

They serenaded the "Call" at the business office and the editorial rooms late in the evening, when Thomas Naylor, the leader, said they had left their ladies at home and come from San Mateo county to wish the "Call" a happy and prosperous New Year. The party consisted of William Fay, Ben Greene, James Oakes, John Conway, Patrick McCabe, Hugh Rodgers, Joe Cannon, Thomas Kelly, John Rodgers, Thomas Naylor, James E. Rodgers, Vasilla Semanoff, Daniel Desmond, James Kerr and Frank Kelly.—Daily Call, San Francisco.

Half Moon Bay.

Grief took the place of Christmas cheer in the Burke household, this year. On Christmas Eve, early in the morning, Peter Francis, the younger boy of the family bade farewell to those who had loved him longest and best and to the things of this world, and passed to the other life. His Christmas was with the ransomed of heaven. Though not unexpected the news of his death puts the town in a gloom of sorrow, though it was in the happiest season of the year. Francis, as he was generally called, was one of those thoroughly unselfish individuals, who never thought of himself. To lighten the burdens of others was his only wish. Doing this, perhaps brought on his early departure. He was a remarkably quiet young man, one that never talked much. Never did he say a hard word of anybody. Though but twenty-three years of age he had won the reputation of being a trustworthy man. His illness lasting for more than a year, he bore with the meekest patience. He always looked upon the approaching end, calmly, feeling that he was ready to die. His death, a severe blow to his brother and sisters and especially to his father, Supervisor Burke, who is in delicate health at present. Many warm friends sincerely mourn his early departure and deeply sympathize with his bereaved relatives. His funeral took place the day after Christmas from the Catholic Church and was largely attended. He was a member of Seaside Parlor, No. 95, N.S.G.W.—Redwood City Democrat.

The Successful Ones.

The Board of Education has been holding the examination for teachers certificates this week and last. There were nine applicants who entered, and of that number the following will receive certificates:

Grammar Grade—Josephine Paradi, San Mateo; Annie Mullen, Halfmoon Bay; Mary P. Winne, Redwood City; George McArthur, Woodside.

Primary Grade—Albert Wilson, Pescadero; Mamie T. Quilman, Halfmoon Bay; Roy W. N. E. Cloud, Redwood City.—Redwood City Democrat.

A beef, weighing 1,084 pounds dressed, was hung up in Price's butcher shop Tuesday. It was brought from Baden and is without doubt the largest ever seen in this city. The Western Meat Company purchased the steer in Honey Valley, Nevada, and before slaughtered tipped the beam at 2,000 pounds.—Times-Gazette, Redwood City.

Archie Hamilton was found in an unconscious condition one evening last week in the shed adjoining Emmett's store at Belmont. His horse had run away and entering the shed, collided with another rig, throwing him violently to the ground. He received a long gash along the forehead, but shortly recovered.—San Mateo Leader.

Overproduction in Ultimatum.

Lord Salisbury is suffering from a severe attack of ultimatum upon the brain. His condition is the cause of grave anxiety to every foreign government.

There are now five British ultimatum out, addressed respectively to Ashanti, Belgium, China, Turkey and Venezuela.

The irrepressible anxiety displayed by foreign governments, especially by the impetuous republics of Central and South America, to have a British ultimatum presented to them, is easily explained. The present value of a British ultimatum in the autograph market is \$500. It is rumored that the ultimatum dispatched to Venezuela, which appears to be lost, has been seized by order of the courts at the instance of an English creditor of that republic. The report has created consternation at Caracas.—Truth.

Mr. Dana Denies It.

The Times-Herald of Chicago, the organ of the distinguished Mr. Kohlsaat, puts forth the subject statement: "I am reminded of what Mr. Dana said of Brice a few days ago. Being asked his opinion of the Ohio senator, he replied: 'I do not know Mr. Brice very well, but in my opinion he is the strongest and ablest of all the young men of the day. I think he may fairly be considered a man of his times.' Coming from Mr. Dana, this was pretty strong praise."

All that seems necessary to remark on this subject is that Mr. Dana has not said any such thing. Yet he esteems Mr. Brice, not as an able young man of the day, but as one of the cutest trappers in the whole field.—New York Sun.

GRACE MISSION CHRISTMAS TREE.

Last Saturday evening the Sunday-school children of Grace Mission enjoyed their first Christmas tree in South San Francisco. The church hall had been carefully decorated by the ladies of the Mission and presented a splendid appearance. Flowers in profusion and English holly in abundance were tastefully arranged with the many wreaths and festoons of evergreen all over the sides and ceiling of the hall; the altar spanned with three large arches of evergreen, the Christmas tree reaching clear to the ceiling, covered with spangles and tinsel, brilliantly lighted with innumerable candles and heavily laden with presents for the little ones, all presented a scene which will long be remembered by fifty little children who participated in the festivities.

Before distributing the presents Rev. George Wallace announced the winners of prizes for best attendance in the Sunday-school during the past year. To Miss Lillie Furner, first prize, a handsome Oxford Bible with Russia leather cover; to Miss Lena Kneese, second prize, a handsome Morocco covered Oxford Bible; to Mary Maggs, third prize, a handsome Oxford Bible; to Davy Martin, fourth prize, 'Chas. Dickens' Child's History of England; to Vera Sutherland, fifth prize, a handsome Bible.

Mr. Wallace announced that a record would be kept for the following year and prizes awarded for best attendance. Herbert Maggs gave a very interesting and enjoyable entertainment with his magic lantern, after which the good things on the Christmas tree were distributed, the children receiving three or four presents each. All voted the Christmas tree and Rev. Wallace a success and went to their homes happy in the pleasures and gifts of their Sunday-school Christmas.

The Woman's Translation.

We mention with pleasure that the woman's translation, as engineered by Mrs. Stanton, will change the harsh old word spelled h-e-l-l, into h-a-d-e-s, which will make a good rhyme with ladies. That is a substantial gain for women. We expect some change in the genesis of woman, corresponding to the understanding of a little girl who came home from a Danville Sunday school not long since and said: "Oh, mamma, I know how woman was made. Miss Joy told us all about it today." The fond mother said, "Well, darling, how was she made?" The child eagerly replied, "Why, God hypnotized Adam, and while he slept God took out all Adam's brains and made a woman of them." Had Miss Joy gotten some advanced sheets from Mrs. Stanton's new Bible?—Danville (Ills.) News.

High License in Massachusetts.

I beg leave to correct the statement in The Sun that Haverhill, Mass., pays the highest liquor license in the country—viz, \$2,000. Great Barrington, in the same state, pays \$2,300 and Pittsfield has paid \$2,000 for the last six years.—New York Sun.

MARKET REPORT.

The Fresh Meat market is steady. No particular change in prices during the week. Live stock, Provisions and Lard firm. PROVISIONS—Hams, California, 10¢; 9¢@10¢; Eastern, 12¢@13¢; A & C, 12¢; picnic, 6¢.

Bacon—Prices are 10¢; Extra Light Sugar Cured Breakfast Bacon, boneless, 12¢; Heavy, do, 10¢; Medium Bacon, clear, 6¢; Light Medium, do, 7¢; Light do, 9¢; Extra Light do, 11¢; Selected Clear Light Medium Bacon, 8¢.

Beef—Extra Family, bbl, \$10 00; do, hf-bbl, \$5 50; Mess, bbl, \$8 00; do, hf-bbl, \$3 75; Extra Mess, bbl, \$8 00; do, hf-bbl, \$4 00; Smoked, 10¢ lb.

Pork—Dry Salted Clear Sides, heavy, 6¢; do, light, 7¢; do, Bellies, 8¢; Extra Clear bbls, \$14 00; hf-bbls, \$7 25; Soused Pigs' Feet, hf-bbls, \$1 50; do, kits, \$1 20.

Lard—Prices are 10¢; Compound 5¢; 6¢ 6¢; 6¢ 6¢; 6¢ 6¢; Cal. pure 6¢; 6¢ 6¢; 6¢ 6¢; 6¢ 6¢; In 3-lb tins the price on each is 1/2¢ higher than on 5-lb tins.

Canned Meats—Prices are per case of 1 dozen and 2 dozen tins: Corned Beef, 2s, \$1 80; 1s \$1 00; Roast Beef, 2s \$1 80; 1s, \$1 00; Lunch Beef, 2s, \$1 90; 1s, \$1 10. Terms—Net cash, no discount, and prices are subject to change on all Provisions without notice.

LIVESTOCK—The quoted prices are 1/2¢ less 50 per cent shrinkage on Cattle, delivered and weighed in San Francisco, stock to be fat and merchantable.

Cattle—No. 1 Steers, 10¢; 5¢@6¢; 2nd quality, 5¢@5 1/2¢; No. 1 Cows and Heifers, 4¢@4 1/2¢; second quality, 4¢@4 1/2¢.

Hogs—Hard grain-fed, under 160-lbs weight, 3¢@3 1/2¢; 1/2 lb; over 160-lbs weight, 3¢@3 1/2¢.

Sheep—Wethers, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2¢@2 1/2¢; Ewes, dressing 50 lbs and under, 2¢@2 1/2¢.

Lambs—First quality, 1/2 lb, 2¢@2 1/2¢; gross weight; second quality, 2¢@2 1/2¢, gross weight.

Calves—Light, 1/2 lb, 3¢@4¢, gross weight; Heavy, 3¢@3 1/2¢, gross weight.

FRESH MEAT—Wholesale Butchers' prices for whole carcasses: Beef—First quality, 1/2 lb, 5¢@5 1/2¢; second, 4¢@4 1/2¢; third, 3¢@3 1/2¢; Christmas Beef, 6¢.

Veal—Large, 5¢@6¢; 1/2 lb; small, 6¢@7¢.

Mutton—4¢@5¢; 1/2 lb; Christmas Sheep, 5¢@5 1/2¢; Spring Lamb, 5¢@6¢; Sucking Lambs, 15¢.

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FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING

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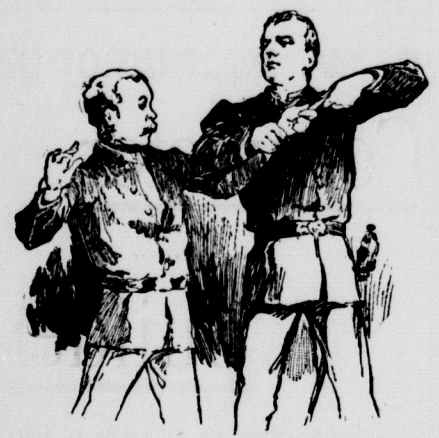
But Sloat was in one of his utterly asinine moods. He would have been perfectly willing to give any sum he possessed for so perfect a picture as this. He never dreamed that there were good and sufficient reasons why no man should have it. He so loved and honored his colonel that he was ready to lay down his life for any of his household. In laying claim to this picture he honestly believed that it was the highest proof he could give of his admiration and devotion. A tame surrender now meant that his protestations were empty words. "Therefore," argued Sloat, "I must stand firm."

"Madam," said he, "I'd die first."

And with that he began backing to the door.

Alarmed now, Mrs. Maynard sprang after him, and the little major leaped upon a chair, his face aglow, jolly, rubicund, beaming with bliss and triumph. She looked up, almost wringing her hands, and turned half appealingly to the colonel, who was laughing heartily on the sofa, never dreaming Sloat could be in earnest.

"Here, I'll give you back the frame. I don't want that," said Sloat and began fumbling at the back of the photograph. This was too much for the ladies. They, too, rushed to the rescue. One of them sprang and shut the door; the other seized and violently shook the back of his chair, and Sloat leaped to the floor, still clinging to his prize and laughing as though he had never had so much entertainment in his life. The long Venetian windows opened upon the piazza, and toward the nearest one he retreated, holding aloft the precious gage and waving off the attacking party with the other hand. He was within a yard of the blinds when they were suddenly thrown open, a tall, slender form stepped quickly in, one hand seized the uplifted wrist,



One hand seized the uplifted wrist.

the other the picture, and in far less time than it takes to tell it Mr. Jerrold had wrenched it away and with quiet bow restored it to its rightful owner.

"Oh, I say now, Jerrold, that's downright unhandsome of you!" gasped Sloat. "I'd have been on my way home with it."

"Shut up, you fool!" was the sharp, hissing whisper. "Wait till I go home if you want to talk about it." And as quickly as he came Mr. Jerrold slipped out again upon the piazza.

Of course the story was told with varied comment all over the post. Several officers were injudicious enough to chaff the old subaltern about it, and he was a little sore headed the next day anyway—the usually placid Sloat grew the more indignant at Jerrold. He decided to go and upbraid him, and, as ill luck would have it, met before noon on the steps of the clubroom.

"I want to say to you, Mr. Jerrold, that from an officer of your age to one of mine I think your conduct last night a piece of impudence."

"I had a perfect right to do what I did," replied Jerrold coolly. "You were taking a most unwarrantable liberty in trying to carry off that picture."

"How did you know what it was? You had never seen it!"

"There's where you are mistaken, Mr. Sloat" (and Jerrold purposely and exasperatingly refused to recognize the customary brevet). "I had seen it—frequently."

Two officers were standing by, and one of them turned sharply and faced Jerrold as he spoke. It was his former company commander. Jerrold noted the symptom and flushed, but set his teeth doggedly.

"Why, Mr. Jerrold! Mrs. Maynard said she never showed that to any one," said Sloat in much surprise. "You heard her, did you not, Captain Chester?"

"I did, certainly," was the reply. "All the same, I repeat what I've said," was Jerrold's sullen answer. "I have seen it frequently, and what's more!" He suddenly stopped.

"Well, what's more?" said Sloat suggestively.

"Never mind. I don't care to talk of the matter," replied Jerrold and started to walk away.

But Sloat was angry, nettled, jealous. He had meant to show his intense loyalty and admiration for everything that was his colonel's and had been snubbed and called a fool by an officer many years though not so many "files" his junior. He never had liked him, and now there was an air of conscious superiority about Jerrold that fairly exasperated him. He angrily followed and called to him to stop, but Jerrold walked on. Captain Chester stood still and watched them. The little man had almost to run before he overtook the tall one. They were out of earshot when he finally did so. There were a few words on both sides. Then Jerrold shifted his light cane into his left hand, and Chester started forward, half expecting a fracas. To his astonishment, the two officers shook hands and parted.

"Well," said he as Sloat came back, with an angry yet bewildered face, "I'm glad you shook hands. I almost feared a row and was just going to stop it. So he apologized, did he?"

"No, nothing like it."

"Then what did you mean by shaking hands?"

"That's nothing—never you mind," said Sloat confusedly. "I haven't forgiven him, by a good deal. The man's conceit is enough to disgust anything—but a woman, I suppose," he finished ruefully.

"Well, it's none of my business, Sloat, but pardon my saying I don't see what there was to bring about the apparent reconciliation. That handshake meant something."

"Oh, well—don't it! We had some words, and he—or I—well, there's a bet, and we shook hands on it."

"Seems to me that's pretty serious business, Sloat—a bet following such a talk as you two have had. I hope!"

"Well, captain," interrupted Sloat, "I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been mad as blazes, but I made it and must stick to it. That's all."

"You wouldn't mind telling me what it was, I suppose?"

"I can't, and that ends it."

Captain Chester found food for much thought and speculation over this incident. So far as he was concerned, the abrupt remark of Sloat by no means ended it. In his distrust of Jerrold he, too, had taken alarm at the very substantial intimacy to which that young man was welcomed at the colonel's quarters. Prior to his marriage old Maynard had not liked him at all, but it was mainly because he had been so negligent of his duties and so determined a bean in city society after his arrival at Sibley. He had indeed threatened to have him transferred to a company still on frontier service if he did not reform, but then the rifle practice season began, and Jerrold was a capital shot and sure to be on the list of competitors for the department team, so what was the use? He would be ordered in for the rifle camp anyway, and so the colonel decided to keep him at headquarters. This was in the summer of the year gone by. Then came the colonel's long leave, his visit to Europe, his meeting with his old friend, now the widow of the lamented Renwick; their delightful winter together in Italy, his courtship, her consent, their marriage and return to America. When Maynard came back to Sibley and the old regiment, he was so jolly and content that every man was welcomed at his house, and it was really a source of pride and pleasure to him that his accomplished wife should find any of his young officers so thoroughly agreeable as she pronounced Mr. Jerrold. Others were soldierly, courteous, well bred, but he had the air of a foreign court about him, she privately informed her lord, and it seems indeed that in days gone by Mr. Jerrold's father had spent many years in France and Spain, once as his country's representative near the throne. Though the father died long before the boy was out of his knickerbockers, he had left the impress of his grand manner, and Jerrold, to women of any age, was at once a courtier and a knight. But the colonel never saw how her eyes followed the tall young officer time and again. There were women who soon noted it, and one of them said it was such a yearning, longing look.

Was Mrs. Maynard really happy? They asked each other. Did she really want to see Alice mate with him, the handsome, the dangerous, the selfish fellow they knew him to be? If not, could anything be more imprudent than that they should be thrown together as they were being, day after day? Had Alice wealth of her own? If not, did the mother know that nothing would tempt Howard Jerrold into an alliance with a dowless daughter? These and many more were questions that came up every day. The garrison could talk of little else, and Alice Renwick had been there just three weeks and was the acknowledged queen of hearts at Sibley when the rifle competitions began again, and a great array of officers and men from all over the northwest came to the post by every train, and their canvas tents dotted the broad prairie to the north.

One lovely evening in August, just before the practice began, Colonel Maynard took his wife to drive out and see the camp. Mr. Jerrold and Alice Renwick followed on horseback. The carriage was surrounded as it halted near the range, and half a score of officers, old and young, were chatting with Mrs. Maynard, while others gathered about the lovely girl who sat there in the saddle. There came marching up from the railway a small squad of soldiers, competitors arriving from the far west. Among them—apparently their senior noncommissioned officer—was a tall cavalry sergeant, superbly built, and with a bronzed and bearded and swarthy face that seemed to tell of years of campaigning over mountain and prairie. They were all men of perfect physique, all in the neat, soldierly fatigue dress of the regular service, some wearing the spotless white stripes of the infantry, others the less artistic and equally delectable yellow of the cavalry. Their swinging stride, erect carriage and clear and handsome eyes all spoke of the perfection of health and soldierly development. Curious glances were turned to them as they advanced, and Miss Renwick, catching sight of the party, exclaimed:

"Oh, who are these? And what a tall soldier that sergeant is!"

"That sergeant, Miss Renwick," said a slow, deliberate voice, "is the man I believe will knock Mr. Jerrold out of the first prize. That is Sergeant McLeod."

As though he heard his name pronounced, the tall cavalryman glanced for the first time at the group, brought his rifle to the carry, as if about to salute and was just stepping upon the roadside, where he came in full view of the occupants of the carriage, when a sudden pallor shot across his face, and he plunged heavily forward and went down like a shot. Sympathetic officers and comrades surrounded the prostrate form in an instant. The colonel himself sprang from his carriage and joined the group, a blanket was quickly brought from a neighboring tent, and the sergeant was borne thither and laid upon a cot. A surgeon felt his pulse and looked inquiringly around:

"Any of you cavalrymen know him well? Has he been affected this way before?"

A young corporal who had been bending anxiously over the sergeant straightened up and saluted:

"I know him well, sir, and have been with him five years. He's only had one sick spell in all that time—'twas just like this—and then he told me he'd been sunstruck once."

"This is no case of sunstroke," said the doctor. "It looks more like the heart. How long ago was the attack you speak of?"

"Three years ago last April, sir. I remember it, because we'd just got into Fort Raines after a long scout. He'd been the solidest man in the troop all through the cold and storm and snow we had in the mountains, and we were in the reading room, and he'd picked up a newspaper and was reading while the rest of us were talking and laughing, and, first thing we knew, he was down on the floor, just like he was tonight."

"Hm!" said the surgeon. "Yes; that's plenty, steward. Give him that. Raise his head a little, corporal. Now he'll come round all right."

Driving home that night, Colonel Maynard musingly remarked:

"Did you see that splendid fellow who fainted away?"

"No," answered his wife; "you all gathered about him so quickly and carried him away. I could not even catch a glimpse of him. But he had recovered, had he not?"

"Yes. Still I was thinking what a singular fact it is that occasionally a man slips through the surgeon's examinations with such a malady as this. Now, here is one of the finest athletes and shots in the whole army, a man who has been through some hard service and stirring fights, has won a tiptop name for himself and was on the high road to a commission, and yet this will block him effectually."

"Why, what is the trouble?"

"Some affection of the heart. Why! Hello! Stop, driver! Orderly, jump down and run back there. Mrs. Maynard has dropped her fan. What was it, dear?" he asked anxiously. "You started, and you are white and trembling."

"I—I don't know, colonel. Let us go home. It will be over in a minute. Where are Alice and Mr. Jerrold? Call them, please. She must not be out riding after dark."

But they were not in sight, and it was considerably after dark when they reached the fort. Mr. Jerrold explained that his horse had picked up a stone and he had had to walk him all the way.

CHAPTER IV.

There was no sleep for Captain Chester the rest of the night. He went home, threw off his sword belt and seated himself in a big easy chair before his fireplace, deep in thought. Once or twice he arose and paced restlessly up and down the room, as he had done in his excited talk with Rollins some few hours before. Then he was simply angry and argumentative or declamatory. Now he had settled down into a very different frame of mind. He seemed awed, stunned, crushed. He had all the bearing and mien of one who, having defiantly predicted a calamity, was thunderstruck by the verification of his prophecy.

In all his determined arraignment of Mr. Jerrold, in all the harsh things he had said and thought of him, he had never imagined any such depth of scandalism as the revelations of the night foreshadowed. Chester differed from many of his brotherhood. There was no room for rejoicing in his heart that the worst he had ever said of Jerrold was unequal to the apparent truth. He took no comfort in his soul that the boy who called him cynical, crabbed, unjust, even malicious, would now be compelled to admit he was right in his estimate. Like the best of us, Chester could not ordinarily say "Vade retro" to the temptation to think, if not to say, "Didn't I tell you so?" when in everyday affairs his oft disputed views were proved well founded. But in the face of such a catastrophe as now appeared engulfing the fair fame of his regiment and the honor of those whom his colonel held dear, Chester could feel only dismay and grief. What was his duty in the light of the discoveries he had made? To the best of his belief, he was the only man in the garrison who had evidence of Jerrold's absence from his own quarters and of the presence of some one at her window. He had taken prompt measures to prevent its being suspected by others. He purposely sent his guards to search along the cliff in the opposite direction, while he went to Jerrold's room and thence back to remove the telltale ladder. Should he tell any one until he had confronted Jerrold with the evidence of his guilt, and wringing from him his resignation send him far from the post before handing it in? Time and again he wished Frank Armitage were here. The youngest captain in the regiment, Armitage had been for years its adjutant and deep in the confidence of Colonel Maynard. He was a thorough soldier, a strong, self-reliant, courageous man, and one for whom Chester had ever felt a warm esteem. Armitage was on leave of absence, however—had been away some time on account of family matters and would not return, it was known, until he had effected the removal of his mother and sister to the new home he had purchased for them in the distant east. It was to his company that Jerrold had been promoted, and there was friction from the very week that the handsome subaltern joined.

Armitage had long before "taken his measure" and was in no wise pleased that so lukewarm a soldier should have come to him as senior subaltern. They had a very plain talk, for Armitage was straightforward as a dart, and then, as Jerrold showed occasional lapses, the captain shut down on some of his most cherished privileges, and, to the indignation of society, the failure of Mr. Jerrold to appear at one or two gatherings where he was confidently expected was speedily laid at his captain's door. The recent death of his father kept Armitage

from appearing in public, and, as neither he nor the major (who commanded the regiment while Maynard was abroad) vouchsafed the faintest explanation, society was allowed to form its own conclusions and did to the effect that Mr. Jerrold was a wronged and persecuted man. It was just as the Maynards arrived at Sibley that Armitage departed on his leave, and, to his unspeakable bliss, Mr. Jerrold succeeded to the command of his company. This fact, coupled with the charming relations which were straightway established with the colonel's family, placed him in a position of independence and gave him opportunities he had never known before. It was speedily evident that he was neglecting his military duties, that Company B was running down much faster than Armitage had built it up, and yet no man felt like speaking of it to the colonel, who saw it only occasionally on dress parade. Chester had about determined to write to Armitage himself and suggest his speedy return when this eventful night arrived. Now he fully made up his mind it must be done at once and had seated himself at his desk when the roar of the sunrise gun and the blare of the bugles warned him that reveille had come and he must again go to his guard. Before he returned to his quarters another complication, even more embarrassing, had arisen, and the letter to Armitage was postponed.

(To Be Continued.)

Might Have Given Them Away.
A traveler just returning from Mexico tells an amusing tale of the attempts of a peddler to sell precious stones at an exorbitant price, who in the end consented to dispose of his wares for a mere song. It was at Queretaro, an important city on the line of the Mexican Central Railroad.

"When the train pulled in at the depot," said he, "it was immediately surrounded by a score or more of peons trying to sell opals to the passengers. One tall, rather fine-looking Indian extended toward me his hand containing ten or a dozen glittering stones."

"How much?" I asked.

"Twelve dollars," replied he. "Cheap, very cheap, only \$12."

"No, no," I replied, in an emphatic way. "My caro" (very dear).

"Five dollars!" then quoted the vender, turning the stones over in his hand, that I might see that they were all there.

"No, \$1," said I.

"Yes, yes!" cried the vender, eagerly. "One dollar; yes, yes, you can have them for \$1. Take them."—New York Herald.

NOVELTIES.

A galvanic coating of silver appears on articles of fine china for the toilet. Bronzes attracting attention show a gray green finish known as the Roman.

Hatpins grow in elaborateness. A round ball is one of the favorite conceits in this line.

Chatelaine bags made of uncut velvet and mounted with silver, gilded and enameled, are decidedly elegant in appearance.

Among attractions for the boudoir are Dresden china atomizers on silver mounts and bearing the familiar miniature on their bowls.

There is a demand for letter seals, which is supplied with gold and silver affairs that add decorative effect to lady's writing desk.—Jewelers' Circular.

Sedge For Paving.

Salt marsh sedge is being used as a paving material in some sections of Virginia and Pennsylvania. The sedge is subjected to tremendous hydraulic pressure and comes from the presses in the shape of blocks. The blocks are treated with three kinds of oil, and when the process is completed it is said the blocks are impervious to moisture and will last indefinitely under the hardest service. If salt marsh sedge is the paving material of the future, Savannah will not have to go far away.

Here is a good story illustrative of the prosaic nature on which art makes no impression:

In Westminster abbey there is a large marble tablet in memory of a famous bishop. It is a bas-relief, representing the bishop—a portrait—in the agony of death, sinking into the arms of an allegorical female figure, presumably intended for the angel of death.

It is said that an aged couple from the country were being shown round the abbey, and pausing long before the tablet the old lady remarked to her husband:

"That's a good likeness of the bishop, but," regarding the angelic personage attentively, "it's a very poor one of Mrs. . . . I knew her well, and she didn't look like that."—Boston Traveller.

The Fat's In The Fire.

"The fat's in the fire," indicating that an enterprise has suffered disaster, is found in very old English times. The metaphor is, of course, drawn from the sight, familiar enough at hog killing time, of lard being melted from the fat portions of the carcass, the upsetting of the vessel causing the loss of the melted fat. By a figure of speech, fat is supposed to indicate good luck or wealth, and the "fat's in the fire" was synonymous with the failure of a promising enterprise.

Mica.

North Carolina has a mica output of 100,000 pounds a year. New Hampshire produces about 25,000 pounds, South Dakota 18,000 pounds and New Mexico 1,000 pounds. The mica of North Carolina is of the best quality, and brings the highest price.

TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

Could it but speak, what strange and moving stories.
What tales of joy and grief, it would unfold,
Of faded beauty and forgotten glories,
Of love and sorrow in the days of old!

Perchance it played the grave and stately measure
While powdered couples trod the mistiest:
Perhaps it was a beggar's only pleasure
Or helped a prince his trouble to forget.

Ah, violin, we dream and wonder vainly!
Time with the sweet June roses never stays.
The past is dead. We cannot learn more plainly
The buried history of forgotten days.

Yet, as a faint and odorous sweetness lingers
With faded petals, though their bloom be fled,
So, charmed anew by sympathetic fingers,
You bring a haunting memory of the dead.

So, as of old, you speak in tenderest fashion,
Mellow with memories of unseemly years,
To raise our minds from worldly care and passion
And stir the thoughts that lie so close to tears.

—Anthony C. Deane in Longman's Magazine.

WILLED TO DEATH.

The doctor paled. Decidedly it was something more than mere embarrassment that caused his unwillingness.

"I have given it up, ladies," said he. "I have nothing more to do with magnetism."

"But why, why, doctor?" the pretty pleaders persisted. "Put us to sleep—one of us—you must, or tell us the reason why."

"Well, so be it," said he at last, still visibly reluctant. "I will tell you why. It may teach you a lesson."

"Eighteen months ago," he began, "I went into the country to see a friend. We will call him Paul, if you please. Though old comrades and devoted 'chums,' for a long time the chances of life had separated us, particularly his marriage, which, for certain reasons, had obliged him to locate for awhile upon one of his properties, situated, as I have said, in the depths of the country. But often and often my thoughts carried me—a trifle enviously in the midst of my hard work—toward that forgotten corner where his hours were passed in the quiet routine and bliss of a domestic life."

"Nor was I mistaken in the picture my fancy had drawn. Peace, serenity, repose, breathed from the very trees, with their great moss covered trunks, against which an old chateau leaned in the mingled shade and shine of the sunny Provence woods."

"Paul met me at the station. His wife I did not see till later—just before dinner indeed—a beautiful woman, with dark, brilliant eyes, which flashed when not shielded by the long, curling lashes, with the light of burnished steel. She had a superb figure and a complexion the tint and texture of old ivory, through which was flowing vigorously the rich red current of a healthy blood. Very, very beautiful she was; but, oddly enough, as I looked at her I felt a sense of a deception somewhere under that fair exterior."

"Was it fancy? Or was this full, robust beauty but similar to a too fervid summer that forces the sap to rise so fast that the fruit turns sour? I do not know, only that this woman entered with difficulty into the idyl I had evoked from the shadowy aisles of these old woods, that seemed always whispering and murmuring to themselves."

"Her intense vitality seemed to shatter this setting of peace and serenity. Moreover, we were not alone; another guest had arrived—a young man and a close neighbor. From the moment of his coming too—or did I fancy that also?—Paul, my friend, seemed less genial. The first joy in his eyes at my arrival had calmed; I saw him now in his habitual state, doubtless, a little aged, slightly constrained, with that vague, nervous reserve of the distrustful husband who in his inmost thoughts suspects treachery."

"I had no time, however, to ponder long on these reflections. Old memories, serious and gay, crowded thick and fast upon us in the ease and comfort of that well ordered dining room, looking out upon the lawn, the soft melancholy of the coming twilight slowly enwrapping us and carrying hearts and minds both far back into the past."

"Dinner was nearly over when a chance word or question turned the conversation upon a subject no less absorbing than now, ladies"—and the doctor bowed courteously to the circle of eager listeners closely clustered about him—"turned, I say, upon the subject of hypnotism and hypnotic suggestion."

"My friend, from the first discoveries, had watched the advance of these studies with the liveliest interest, and many and frequent had been the discussions between himself and his wife concerning them, she denying the phenomena arising from these experiments and stubbornly pronouncing them humbug and charlatanism, and he affirming that strange things could and did happen, as he knew from his own experience—a certain evening in Paris, when he had offered himself as a 'subject' as incredulous as she, and had been put to sleep promptly and made to accomplish in his sleep things of which they told him afterward."

"Bah! They duped you!" insisted his wife. "Doctor," suddenly appealing to me, 'help me to get this rubbish out of my head or Paul will certainly go crazy.'"

"Forced to take sides, I was obliged to admit that I myself was deeply interested in these matters, and had witnessed things that I did not dare to doubt. She was still obstinate, still mocking. She would believe what she saw—no more, no less."

"If Paul is a subject, as he declares," said she, "the thing, too, is easy enough. Convince me—you have done such things, you say—by trying it here and now."

"Paul was willing. I looked intently at him. His eyes wavered curiously away from my gaze. He was a marvelous subject and fell immediately under my will."

"We passed into the drawing room, placed him in a chair, and I had not

made six passes over his brow when he was in a sound hypnotic sleep."

"Well, he is off," said I. "Impossible! No!"

"She bent over him, called him, pinched him—no movement. Raised his arm—it fell inert like a log."

"Quick, quick! Suggest something!" said she, a strange eagerness showing suddenly in her face.

"You would perhaps feel the proof stronger, madame, did you make the suggestion yourself."

"She appeared to think, murmuring half aloud, 'It must be an unaccustomed act, something unusual, that he cannot divine, that does not enter into his habit of life.'"

"She looked about her. Near by on a table a magazine lay opened at a recent article on 'Hypnotic Suggestion,' a slender mother of pearl paper knife thrust between the folds. She turned the leaves hurriedly."

"Ah-h, we have it at last!" said she, putting her finger upon a certain paragraph. 'An experiment just made successfully, they say—at the hospital of La Salpetriere. Repeat it with Paul, and I shall be convinced.'"

"The experiment was to suggest to the patient at a fixed hour a predetermined act—the act in this case suicide—with some harmless object that the 'subject' should be made to believe a poniard."

"'Willingly,' I responded. 'She handed me the paper knife. This is harmless enough, isn't it?' she said, yielding it to me with a charming smile. 'It would not hurt a fly.'"

"Perfectly harmless," And I held up the little pearl dagger before Paul's eyes.

"Do you see it, Paul?" said I slowly and impressively, 'this poniard here? Well, I am going to put it on that table yonder. Tomorrow, when the luncheon bell rings—the luncheon bell, remember—you will come here, take this poniard and—kill yourself!'"

"Then I roused him. He remembered nothing and felt nothing, only a comic uneasiness concerning the act that he was to accomplish and from which he was determined to defend himself."

"The evening finished gayly with a rubber of whist, ending at 10 in order to give the handsome young neighbor—a silent listener to what had been going on—time enough to reach home at a reasonable hour."

"We were walking, Paul, his wife, and I, on the terrace next morning when the luncheon bell rang. Paul raised his head, listened a second, turned brusquely and re-entered the chateau. His wife had become very pale."

"Come, quick," said I. 'He has gone for that paper knife!'"

"She remained motionless. 'To what good?' she said. 'I see already that suggestion has reason in it, for Paul has gone. He will come back madder than ever, I suppose.'"

"I did not wait for her to finish. I hastened to the drawing room, where my 'subject' had gone."

"I ran. I threw open the door, and Paul was there—dead, face downward on the floor—a dagger in his heart!"

"A real dagger, doctor?" cried the mistress of the house laying her hand softly upon the doctor's arm.

"A real dagger, madame. I turned to the table—the little mother of pearl paper knife was gone. Who had taken it! Who had put the other—the real dagger—in its place?"

"God knows, but she, Paul's wife, and he, the neighbor who dined with us that night, were married ten months ago."—From the French For San Francisco Argonaut.

Challenged In Court.

What looked at the time like a close call for Ingersoll occurred six or seven years ago in New York, when he and the gifted Daniel Dougherty were arrayed against each other in a divorce case before Judge Barrett. Dougherty was for the husband. He closed his case in this way:

"Through all this dreadful case, this struggle for what should be to her many thousand times dearer than life, has a veil mantled that beautiful face? Has one tear rolled down those cheeks? Has there been a single blush on that face? Not a tear! Not a blush!" He shook his fist at Ingersoll as he said this.

"Do you state that as a fact?" asked the infidel.

"Yes."

"Then I tell you it is untrue."

"Consider yourself challenged," shouted the Philadelphian.

"Let us have no interruptions," said Judge Barrett, showing great anxiety and displeasure.

"Well, then, he must not look at me when he says untruths," said Ingersoll, shaking all over with rage.

Sensation in the courtroom. Mr. Dougherty explained that he had challenged Ingersoll in a purely Pickwickian sense, and when the two lawyers left the room they shook hands.—New York Press.

Injuries From Horses.

FASHIONS IN FURS.

MOST STYLISH TYPES OF WINTER WRAPS.

To the Woman Who Isn't Covetous the Furrier's This Season Is a Delightful Place to Visit—Great Assortment of Cloaks, Jackets and Caps.

Gotham Fashion Gossip. New York correspondence.



O the woman who isn't covetous the furrier's at this season will be a delightful place, a veritable fairy grotto, only instead of the lining of precious stones that the story books tell about there is an array of fuzzy wonders, a great proportion of them quite as impossible of ordinary mortals' mines of gems in possession as the wonder story. A year ago the comparison could have been carried still further, for then on every hand there were rows upon rows of hideous heads to serve in the mental picture as the dreadful dragons of the resident bogey man. But the fashion of trimming garments with heads is departing. It may be said to have already gone so far as to have "turned tail" to observers, for where last year rows of heads with their gleaming, bead eyes were grouped, this season the finish comes in quite as free a use of tails. These are in all sizes and all furs, are put on all manner of garments, being even applied to hats aigrette-wise, and many of them are quite as artificial as last season's heads, which is the



THE MOST STYLISH SHAPE FUR CAN TAKE same as saying that they are utterly impossible in nature.

A liberal application of these ornaments proves that the garment thus trimmed is of this season's make, but the trick is already tiresomely overdone in some capes and coats, and when a change finally comes from it these tails will stamp the garment they trim as hopelessly last season's. Even now the garment that is free from such dangling ornaments possesses a distinct character of its own that will commend it. A cape is shown next the initial that does just this from the fact that it suggests the old-fashioned pelrine. This type of garment in the very shape that was worn forty years ago is now revived, but it affords no more warmth for our backs than it did for our grandmothers' and from the standpoint of utility is not worth much praise. It is unquestionably stylish, however, and in the form here shown, which includes a cape that will protect the back, it is much improved. It is made of sable and is lined with imitation ermine. Its tabs reach nearly to the bottom of the dress, and at the top there is a high wired collar. The muff carried is of sable to match the wrap, and sable may be used to trim the hat, if desired, but its wide-spreading bows proclaim it as of the latest.

Among the fur garments that are fashionable enough to be considered just right, six jackets will be found to one cape or pelrine. The cut of the jacket is very like that of the more democratic cloth, and there is small comfort for the owner of a sealskin coat in the style of two years ago. It



TAILS THAT ARE FIRST IN FASHIONABLENESS.

must be recut and made over to something like the jacket of the next picture, and a bill will result that will make a sealskin seem far from an unalloyed joy. The jacket of this picture was found in black astrakhan. Its moderately long basques were rippled in back, it was double-breasted, and had large revers and full sleeves. Its but-

tons were handsome black pearl, and a tiny muff that matched the jacket was carried. The size of this muff is a challenge to the fashions, which demand muffs of bolster size, but as an accompaniment of such a jacket its newness will be advertised, and, indeed, a muff of moderate size is much more likely to suggest the holdover from last year. It is with trim jackets of this sort that jaunty fur hats of tam shape are often worn. For traveling, walking, or, best of all, for sleighing, when something is needed that will not catch the wind, nothing could be prettier. But for sleighing—and they are just as correct for driving in chill air when progress is not made on runners—there is nothing



MODEL SUITABLE FOR CLOTHS AND FURS

ing cozier than the hood of all sorts of fur. Those that fit tight about the face are not used so much this year as last. They were rather trying to the complexion when one got a little chilled. The correct ones have deep ruffles of fur to stand about the face, and the effect is delightfully quaint, and at the same time very becoming. Dark furs are preferred, though some lovely affairs in chinchilla and in ermine are shown, but these are only for youthful complexions, and good ones at that. Funny little round mob caps are shown, too, with an inner velvet frill. These are very new, and with them must be worn a high standing fur ruff.

Where tails revel in triumph is on collars. A cat-o-nine tails with fur suitable for making wrappings for women's throats would be a valuable species just now, but one animal of that sort wouldn't come much nearer making a fashionable collar than one swallow does to making a summer. The sort displayed in the third picture is just the thing, and its fellows are selling like hot cakes. Lucky is the woman who finds one among her Christmas gifts, for not even a sealskin jacket of the latest cut is more assertive of right up-to-date-ness than is this sort of a neck protector. This one is worn over a cape of mink velvet that is trimmed with a deep collar of cream lace, and that is lined with white satin. The fur collar is detachable and may be worn with any cape or jacket.

Following this in the illustrations there is a dainty fichu cape of black silk velvet, whose pointed ends meet at the waist. It is trimmed with a handsome chinchilla collar and is lined



ITAMPED WITH DAME FASHION'S "O. K."

with white brocade. It is supplied with invincible hooks and eyes so that it fastens warmly in front. Capes of this general sort frequently illustrate the present liking for combining two sorts of furs. Thus a chinchilla collar like this one will top a seal cape, or will be replaced thereon by one of Persian lamb. Such garments are very elegant, and in most cases bring the highest of prices.

One need not be told that a black silk velvet jacket of the latest fashionable cut can be handsomely trimmed with fur, but the final picture shows one of the prettiest possible ways of doing it. The revers and turned down collar are of ermine, the jacket having fitted back, ripple basque and box front. Its right side laps over and is fastened with buffalo horn buttons, a corresponding row coming down the other side. White brocade satin is used for lining. Buttons of this shape in buffalo horn are put on seal jackets this year and there must be button-holes in the fur, too, for the cord loops formerly used are of the gloomily unfashionable past.

"You seem sad, my red-skinned brother," said the missionary. "Red-skinned brother's heart head bad," said the noble son of the prairie. "White man shoot better, fight better, and now Injun hear college yell, he know Injun can't war-whoop for sour apples. Waugh!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Suffocation Above Seven Miles. It is impossible for a human being to breathe at a height greater than seven miles above the earth.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

SHE FOUNDED A CHAIR OF AMERICAN HISTORY AT BARNARD.

Women Who Play Poker—Rev. Anna Shaw on Suffrage—Women in Politics—Woman's Advent in Cornell—Southern Women and Bicycles—Soros's Vacation.

To the originality of Mrs. Donald McLean, elected this season regent of the New York chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution, is due the birth and development of a brilliant idea. This is nothing less than the founding a chair of American history, particularly of the colonial and Revolutionary periods, at Barnard college, the feminine annex of Columbia college. It is the first enterprise of its kind yet entered upon by any of the patriotic orders of either men or women.

Mrs. McLean, author of this notable movement, is the wife of the Hon. Donald McLean, former general appraiser of the port of New York, and is a daughter of the late Judge John Ritchie of the



MRS. DONALD McLEAN.

Maryland court of appeals, a man famed beyond the limits of his state for his powers of oratory, his integrity, legal knowledge and keen intellect.

Born in Frederick, Md., the town of Barbara Fritchie, Mrs. McLean first saw the light of day in the state's most celebrated house, Prospect Hall, the home of her grandfather, the late Judge William Pinkney Maule. It is a mansion built by the famous Dulany family in old colonial times. Mrs. McLean was born in the haunted room, in which tradition chronicles the walling up of a young girl because of a romantic love affair.

Mrs. McLean is characterized by broadly liberal tenets in all directions, is an earnest worker in church and public affairs. The founding of a chair of American history at Barnard college by the New York city chapter of the Revolutionary society, under Mrs. McLean's regency, has set an example in practical patriotism for all like societies to pattern after. The other chapters of the Revolutionary association, located in every state and territory in the Union, have experienced an awakening in contemplating the weighty step taken by their sister chapter; a step which illustrates its own aims and principles and those of the parent association, the National Society of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

Such historical advantages are needed all over the land, and that the opportunity for such knowledge should first be made possible in New York, and by the feminine descendants of Revolutionary patriots, in the sister institution of old King's college, makes the event a more happy and fitting one than it could have been without such associations. The work is being sustained at present by an amount raised annually, while the endowment fund is being accumulated for the future permanent historical professorship.

Women Who Play Poker.

A bright little Boston woman who has settled here said to me the other day:

"I have played my last game of poker. To me it is more fascinating than eating, drinking, sleeping or dancing. It has developed the gambling spirit in me to such an extent that I am getting frightened."

"I think you are very wise," I said. "Oh, well, it isn't altogether that," she continued. "I'm going to be honest about it. It's too expensive an enjoyment for me."

"People say: 'Oh, it's about an even thing in the long run. Keep a little book. Put your losses on one side and your gains on the other, and at the end of the year you'll find that they pretty well balance.'"

"Well, I tried that, and it makes me sick every time I look at it."

"What amazes me is to see the hold on the community that this game of poker has secured."

"I called on some new acquaintances the other day, and they—a sweet, white haired old mother and her two gentle daughters—talked so beautifully of art and science and theosophy and theology that I felt abashed as I thought:

"Heavens, what would these simple people say if they knew I played cards for money?"

"Presently the younger daughter asked me:

"Do you play poker?"

"I thought that she had heard of my shortcomings, and began to make an awkward explanation."

"But she laughed and said:

"Oh, we play! Just a little weenie game. Mother is quite taken with it, aren't you, mother?"

"The old lady said that she was."

"So, like Ah Sin, we had a small game, with the usual result."

"I lost 97 cents, all of which the mother won."

"She didn't look as if she knew the difference between a Hoboken straight and a Judge Duffy, but she did."

I told the fair Bostoness that her language was unintelligible to me.

"Oh, pshaw!" she rejoined. "But to watch that saintly looking old woman 'anteing' and 'raising' and 'standing pat'—"

—well, I couldn't have been more surprised if I had seen Dr. Parkhurst posing as a living picture."—Polly Fry in New York Recorder.

Rev. Anna Shaw on Suffrage.

In an interview with Anna Howard Shaw, D. D., published in the Denver Republican, she expresses some very cheerful views of the growth of sentiment in favor of suffrage. On the prospect for suffrage in the east, Dr. Shaw says:

"It is strong enough in any northern state to carry the measure, were it not for the partisan attitude of the political parties. Each party is afraid to take it up, and each is afraid that if the other does take it up they will gain some advantage from it. The main reason for our defeat in Kansas last fall was, I think, the fear of the Populists, who had heard that Colorado women were all working against their party, that the same thing would happen in Kansas."

"The danger in New York is from the foreign element. If we could wipe out New York city until after the election, I think we could carry the state without doubt. It is a remarkable fact that in the districts where ignorance and vice are the strongest the vote against suffrage is the heaviest. The public work into which the women have entered in so many directions and in such a workmanlike manner, the interest women are showing in municipal reform, and the beneficial results of their connection with it—all these things are paving the way. I think after a few more western states fall into the suffrage column there will be a perfect avalanche of sentiment in that direction. Sectional strife was formerly between the north and the south. It is now largely coming to be between east and west, and if the west enfranchises its women, do you suppose the east will allow it such an advantage? No, indeed, the east will be forced to follow suit, but it will come in last, and dear old Massachusetts, my own state, which should have been first to head the column, will bring up in the rear, I am afraid. That is because so many of Massachusetts' young men have come west and left nobody but the old maids and old fogies behind."

Women in Politics.

If the women are to assist the men in politics, they must do something besides jumping into the political arena. They must prepare themselves for the struggles there. We learn from a circular issued by Barnard college that the School of Political Science of Columbia university is now open to women, who are free to take the graduate courses in political history, economics and sociology. Here is an opportunity for the advancing woman politicians. In the School of Political Science they can lay the foundations needed for the high statesmanship which ought to characterize all government. Thus far, there is not any woman among the professors in the school, but we must presume that this deficiency will yet be supplied. The quick induction, broad reasoning, clear analysis and generous sympathy of womanhood ought not to be excluded from the faculty. The ideas of man in political science are apt to be hard and narrow and selfish.

The many women's political clubs now in existence must also be of use to woman politicians by familiarizing them with the leading public questions of the times.

Both Mayor Strong of this city and Mayor Schieren of Brooklyn seem disposed to favor the appointment of some women to those public offices to which, in the opinion of these two mayors, they are adapted. Both of them seem to believe that women are better fitted for service on school boards than for any other branch of the municipal service, and they have begun to follow up their belief, which is of the nature of the old belief that women are concerned only with children. This may do for a beginning, but woman's progress does not end at the schoolhouse. If, for example, we have a woman in New York who would make a better mayor than William L. Strong, we doubt whether Mayor Strong can prove that she should not be elected to the office.—New York Sun.

Woman's Advent in Cornell.

The alumni of Cornell university have nominated Miss Mary Carey Thomas for one of the trustees. This is probably the first time in the history of any of the leading universities in this country that a woman has been named for trustee. Miss Thomas was graduated from Cornell in 1877, and is now president of Bryn Mawr College for Women. She was made dean of that college when it was opened in 1885, and was elected president in 1893.

The legislature which has just adjourned passed a law allowing the Cornell alumni to elect five additional trustees this year. Every year after this they will elect two trustees instead of one as heretofore. In recent years there has been very little contest for this honor among the alumni, rarely more than two candidates being presented. As soon as the new law went into effect there was a great scramble. In all, 15 candidates for the five places were named.

The alumnae of the institution at once decided that they ought to be represented in the board of trustees. Correspondence was started, and after a conference of names proposed they settled upon Miss Thomas as the woman graduate of Cornell best fitted by her training and acquirements to fill the place. At once a campaign was started. Women graduates in all the large cities in the country were enlisted in the work. Friends of other candidates sent out the customary endorsements seeking votes and telling of the candidates' fitness for the honor. Miss Thomas' circular was one of the last to appear. To the surprise of the alumni it contained nearly three times the number of endorsements that any of the circulars of the male candidates had.

Southern Women and Bicycles.

The women of the southern states have been much slower than their northern sisters in the utilization of the bicycle. They are affected by the conservatism of the south, which looks askance at any novelty, and very many of them yet think that bicycling is highly improper for a woman. We have frequently noticed remarks to this effect in southern papers, and we recently learned that women in several places there had been brought under social discipline for bicycling.

The prodigious cycling boom of this year in New York has already told upon the south.

By this time there are lots of women bicyclers in Virginia and Georgia. There are a smaller number in Alabama and Louisiana. There are fewer yet in South Carolina. There are very few in Arkansas. We have not heard of any in Mississippi. The northern women in Florida have introduced the wheel there.

We do not believe that the conservatism of southern women can much longer resist the wheel. The Texas and North Carolina girls seem to be ready for it. We think it is bound to attract the fair sex even in the Bayou State.

It is not undignified for a woman to ride the bicycle. She does not lower herself by wheeling. To ride upon it at full speed does not cut into the pride of womanhood. That pride exists in the north not less than in the south.—New York Sun.

Soros's Vacation.

The high pandemonium of women's clubs, had its last social day of the season on June 3, when the drama was discussed and comparisons drawn between Shakespeare and present day playwrights, and then Soros broke up for the summer, saying au revoir to each other and goodbye to Mr. Sherry, who is not to be the club's caterer next year, the ballrooms at the Waldorf being better adapted to the needs of Soros when she entertains.

While Soros is deservedly the most powerful of all the women's clubs, it is not numerically strong, having a roll call of only 215. Neither is it made up of unmarketable or elderly maidens, for 180 are married, and it has several times happened that a candidate has had to hold back until she reached the club age, which is set down as 18 years. Some members complain that they know little of the working of the organization and almost nothing of its plans.

The Professional Woman's league keeps open all summer. Indeed, the heated term finds its rooms fuller than ever, for then the Thespianas of the road return and flock to headquarters.—New York Herald.

A Riot of Colors.

The newest summer millinery defies description. One may gild the lily and paint the rose, but to convey by words only an adequate idea of the hats and bonnets now exhibited absolutely surpasses human ability. Stray millinery of every conceivable sort shares honor with lace and spangled textiles, but the former for the moment takes precedence. The oddest and most brilliant dyes in straws are conspicuous. They are ubiquitous, in fact, and the eye literally aches as we behold first the gay colored hat and then its gorgeous and varicolored garnitures.—New York World.

Brides and Jewels.

A bride must wear no jewels, even on state occasions. Her wedding ring, the solitary engagement ring and the necessary watch are all that are in strict correctness allowed. Some folk are saying that this permits the young husband to "put up" the whole cargo of wedding gift jewelry to help him keep up his establishment, but that cannot be so, because "bride mornings," when the young wife receives her girl friends and shows all her presents, are quite the rage, to make up for the taboo placed on the display of presents at the wedding.—Exchange.

Women in Banks.

There are 60 banks in the United States where women are employed, and, curiously enough, out of the whole number all save one are either married or are widows. Another curious feature of this employment is that no two women are found in any one bank, and no two banks where women hold positions of any kind are located in the same city or town. The posts filled range from bank trustees, presidents, vice presidents to cashiers and assistant cashiers.

Iron Bedsteads.

Iron bedsteads take on now many colors, the virgin white in which they were oftentimes yielding frequently to pale pink or blue or green, as the case may be. White is cold, and the other tints, too, are in harmony with furnishings and draperies when desired.

Making Them Hustle.

Miss Addams, the new inspector of garbage collection in Chicago, is a little woman physically, but she is making the whole Nineteenth ward, an unsavory district, get up and clean itself and keep itself decent.—Boston Transcript.

Miss Belle Kearney, president of the Mississippi W. C. T. U., has gone to Europe to attend the World's W. C. T. U. convention in London, and later the Grindelwald conference.

Miss Margaretta Churchwall of Brooklyn, a licensed deaconess of the Methodist Episcopal church, has accepted a call to the South Park Methodist church of Hartford.

Out of the 1,000 artists not academicians or architects exhibiting at the Royal academy this year, 187, over a sixth, are women, including 87 married women.

The official report shows that at the recent school election in Toledo 2,412 women registered.

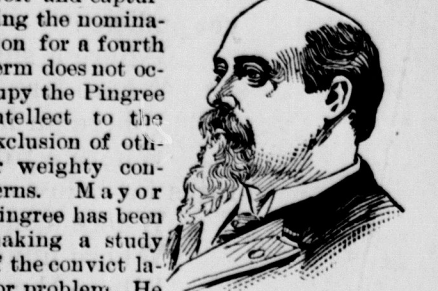
Associations for female workers are gradually gaining in numbers and influence.

A widows' club has just been founded in Dresden.

DETROIT'S BRAINY MAYOR.

He Has a Convict Labor Scheme and a Presidential Boom.

Mayor Pingree has broken out again and in a new spot. The people are never unprepared, however, for a fresh eruption from the versatile Detroit executive. His resources are not bound by the limitations of a few potato patches, and the little matter of running a city like Detroit and capturing the nomination for a fourth term does not occupy the Pingree intellect to the exclusion of other weighty concerns. Mayor Pingree has been making a study of the convict labor problem. He believes that the



H. S. PINGREE.

convicts should be placed on a state farm and employed at fancy farming, such as raising French peas and mushrooms and other products that do not compete with the ordinary farm products. He believes they can be taught in this manner to have a genuine love for the soil and can thus be started in a useful and productive pursuit that will to a large extent destroy the criminal tendency. Simultaneous with Pingree's statement of his plan for the employment of convicts comes the launching of his presidential boom in a Detroit paper. Recent events showing Pingree's popularity indicate that Pingree as a presidential possibility is not so much of a joke after all.

All of which shows what a new kind of brain may do in a country where there is no law against fecundity of ideas.—Chicago Times-Herald.

MAUD'S BUTTER BILL.

Mr. Gratebar's Surprise, Concerning Which It Were Well to Be Warned.

"The most remarkable bill I ever received came in today," said Mr. Gratebar. "It was from my oldest daughter, Maud. Maud doesn't eat butter, and never did. We used to try to get her to eat it, but she never would, and we stopped trying. I am quite sure that there could be no more indulgent father than myself, but at the same time I am quite willing to admit that it had sometimes occurred to me that if Maud wouldn't eat butter, why, it was just so much net saving in the household expenses, and so I was all the more surprised—startled, as one might say—when I received a bill, of which the following is a copy:

NEW YORK, Oct. 31, 1895.

W. Gratebar, Esq. To Maud Gratebar, Dr. Terms cash.

For 18 years' butter supply, at \$12 per annum, \$216.

"I don't know where Maud got her figures, but I suppose that she and her mother must have figured on the family butter bills enough to reach approximately the annual cost per head. The real joke about this bill, however, is that it will have to be paid. 'You would have paid for the butter if I had eaten it as I went along, wouldn't you?' asks Maud, to which I say, 'Certainly.' 'Then why shouldn't you pay for it now?' says Maud. This reasoning is of course irresistible, and if it were not it is re-enforced by the fact that, with winter approaching, Maud needs a whole lot of new things, and so there is nothing for me to do but to draw a check for the amount.

"But we must get Maud to begin eating butter or I must establish a butter sinking fund, for Maud's net bill might come in at a time when I was not so well prepared to meet it."—New York Sun.

Political Career Predicted For the Duchess.

The West Side Women's Republican auxiliary of New York held a meeting the other day. The women called it a political symposium. Mrs. Clarence Burns, who looks like Mrs. Potter Palmer and is president of the club, talked about women's part in English elections. During the last campaign four fair American women took part in their husband's canvasses. "So," said the president, "the future Duchess of Marlborough, Miss Vanderbilt, will have something to look forward to in this direction."

The wife of a titled politician who was campaigning in a royal constituency was asked what she was going to wear. "The oldest clothes I have, on account of the eggs," was her reply. Men and boys in England on election day parade the streets with wheelbarrows labeled: "Election eggs, three a penny. Notice—Not sold for human food."—New York World.

Intercollegiate Debating League.

During the week delegates from Brown, Wesleyan, Bates, Boston university and Boston college met in Boston and formally organized the first New England Intercollegiate Debating league. Bowdoin and Tufts have signified their intention of joining the union, and Williams will probably enter in the near future. Not only have the students of these colleges been intensely interested in the matter, as shown in the various mass meetings which have been held recently in most of them, but the respective faculties have also taken a hand, and it is to a great extent due to the practical interest shown by several members of these that the enthusiastic supporters of the proposed league see their hopes and efforts at last crowned with success.—Dartmouth.

The North Atlantic Squadron.

The north Atlantic squadron, under Admiral Bance, is to be prepared for a cruise in the vicinity of the West Indies. Repairs on the vessels will begin at once at the New York and Norfolk navy yards. The work will require about a month, and as soon as it is finished the ships will start south. The squadron at present consists of the New York, Columbia, Minneapolis and Montgomery. To these it is expected to add the Maine and Texas.

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Where a private water-works plant, with water mains extending throughout the entire manufacturing district, supplies an abundance of pure artesian water at rates far below city prices.

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Where hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been spent in perfecting the locality for manufacturing purposes.

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Where, in fact, rail, wharf and other privileges are unexcelled for manufacturing purposes by any other locality on the coast.

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TO HOME-SEEKERS

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, comprising many San Francisco, Chicago and New York capitalists, created in San Mateo county a new town site known as South San Francisco. This town site is situated on the main line of the Southern Pacific Railroad, and also on the Southern Pacific Bay Shore Railroad, soon to be finished; it is also at the terminus of the San Francisco and San Mateo Electric Railway.

South San Francisco was platted as a town just prior to the great financial panic of 1893 and 1894; during all that period of financial wreck and ruin, when almost every new enterprise and many old-established institutions were actually swept out of existence, she has held her own and is to-day a prosperous community with a population of nearly eight hundred people.

Upwards of \$2,000,000 in cash have been expended in laying the foundation of this new town. Most of the streets have been graded, curbed and sewered, miles of concrete sidewalk laid, trees planted along the main highways, and a water-works plant completed, giving an abundant supply of pure artesian water for every purpose. But the foundation laid in what is known as the manufacturing district of this town site constitutes above all others the most positive guarantee for the future of South San Francisco.

There is no stability nor permanency so absolute respecting real estate values, and the future growth of any community like that which is based upon industries giving employment to men. The facilities created by the founders of South San Francisco have already secured to her several large manufacturing enterprises, and will soon secure many more; this means not only an increase in population, but an enhancement in real estate values.

South San Francisco has passed the experimental stage, and is now an established town. Many of her lot owners who have properly improved their holdings are even to-day realizing from ten to twenty per cent net on their investments. How many communities as new as South San Francisco can make this boast?

An independent community in itself, with its own supporting elements, and at the same time close to the metropolis of California, and in the direction in which San Francisco must necessarily grow, already reached by some of the city's street car service, and certain to be on the line of any new railroad entering San Francisco, South San Francisco presents to-day opportunities for investment among the safest and best on the Pacific Coast.

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